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## Notes of the Week

WEMBLEY was opened by the King on Wednesday with most impressive ceremonies and amid most impressive scenes. His Majesty struck the right note in his Speech when he characterized the Exhibition as an illustration to the world of the "spirit of free and tolerant co-operation" to one great end. Particularly happy was his reference to the Empire as a "co-operation between brothers for the better development of the family estate." That surely is in a nutshell what enlightened people mean by their Imperialism to-day. We treat elsewhere of the meaning of this great Exhibition at Wembley, which is certainly the most magnificent as well as the most courageous material Exhibition of the spirit of a material age.

## A BROADCASTING TRIUMPH

Perhaps the most memorable achievement of a memorable day was the broadcasting arrangement by means of which millions of his subjects listened to the King's living voice, and heard the music, the cheers, the great background of sound furnished by a multitude of people. Considering that broadcasting is not two years old, to have done this at all was an astounding scientific miracle; to have done it well, and in face of difficulties that can only be guessed at, was a genuine triumph for the engineering staff of the British Broadcasting Company.

## REPARATIONS

Not even the Easter holidays checked the tremendous movement of Reparations, which, after years of delay, folly, and frustration, has been brought about by the Dawes Report. It appeared as if that Report had worked a magical change in the situation, and to an appreciable extent it has certainly done so. Within a few days we saw Germany accepting the Report which had been submitted to her by the Reparations Commission, some of the Governments concerned also accepting it, and all the Governments involved expressing their greater or less delight with it, if not actually accepting it. Finally, President Coolidge completed

this unexpected but exceedingly delectable picture by saying that he trusted the Report would commend itself to all the European Governments interested; obviously it had met with his approval. What more was there to be said? Taking all these things into account, did it not look as if High Heaven had decreed, as an Easter gift to a suffering world, a rapid return to peace and prosperity? In other words, that the long and bitter struggle between France and Germany was to be appeased and stilled?

## M. POINCARE DOES NOT CHANGE

But despite this bright and hopeful picture there remained, not even in the background, such intractable things as "sanctions," covering the Ruhr and the Rhineland, and the equally intractable M. Poincaré, the man more than any other responsible for that situation the Dawes Report was written to relieve, and to whom these sanctions were dear. As we have often remarked in these columns, M. Poincaré does not change. Writing to the President of the Reparations Commission, he says that the French Government cordially approves the plan of the Experts, and accepts it as fully as any of the other Allied Governments, but . . . ! He goes on to say that the Experts themselves expressed the view that their plan required completion by the Commission, or the Governments, or both. Therefore he desires the Commission to define clearly the points to be completed by the Commission and the Governments. He intimates that the Dawes Report was after all an advisory document and has still to be edited before reaching its final legal shape. This is the same as saying that he has no intention of swallowing the Report. As regards the Ruhr his stand is the same as it was, and sanctions are the vital things. And so we come back to the old impasse.

## THE RUSSIAN CONFERENCE

It may be that in giving *de jure* recognition to the Soviet Government, Mr. MacDonald hoped that this gesture would have the result of making life somewhat easier for the more moderate Soviet elements in Russia—the Mensheviks and others—and indeed this was its first effect. But the extremist section became immediately alarmed, and there since has been a great

revival of terrorism throughout Russia, which at present is chiefly directed against the workers in the factories. What little improvement there was in that distracted country has been lost. Mr. MacDonald must be aware of these truths, and they cannot but increase his anxiety regarding the Soviet Delegation and its aims here in London. So far there has been a studied and, we think, sinister vagueness about the programme of the Delegation in the two plenary meetings of the Anglo-Soviet Conference held last week. The further meetings now taking place must soon show whether the Bolsheviks mean business or nothing. What is certain is that a breakdown of the Conference will be exploited for all it is worth, by British and Russian Communists, here and elsewhere, against Mr. MacDonald himself.

#### MR. GEORGE HITS OUT

The gradual eclipse of the Asquithian section of the Liberal Party may be measured by the separate and increasing hostility shown to the Prime Minister and the Labour Party by Mr. Lloyd George. In his speech at Llanfairfechan on Tuesday he uttered a characteristic and indignant protest against the treatment meted out to Liberals by the Government which they had placed in office. The real significance of this utterance seems to us to lie not so much in its expression of natural discomfort in an extremely humiliating position as in its "exploration" of the situation as regards the formation of that Centre Party which is so dear to the heart of Mr. Lloyd George and other members of the Coalition Government. Conservatives, whose position with regard to Labour has been consistent from the first, can afford to listen with comparative equanimity to this interchange of compliments. Discontent and disruption among their opponents should be their opportunity for unifying and constructive work.

#### THE ULSTER BOUNDARIES

We shall await with anxiety, not untempered with apprehension, the result of the conference on the Ulster boundaries which was opened at the Colonial Office on Thursday. An important article in the *Morning Post* of the same day drew attention to the characteristically underhand nature of the campaign which is being promoted to intimidate and bring pressure upon the Ulster Government, in order to make it accommodate itself to the ambitions of Sinn Féin. If it is true that the Government itself has been induced to bring pressure by threatening the withdrawal of troops from the frontier, or some financial embarrassment to the Irish Exchequer, we trust the matter will be thoroughly ventilated when Parliament reassembles. Fortunately Sir James Craig—and perhaps he alone—can be trusted to stand fast by the Ulster Loyalists; and fortunately, too, he is of the simple and straight type which is not particularly good material for the peculiar methods of intrigue adopted by the Free State Government.

#### THE PREMIER AT YORK

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, handicapped by knowledge and a certain sobriety of mind, will never attain to the fine careless rapture of some of his colleagues in rhapsody over what at the York Conference he called "the great simple God-like heart of the people." He is unwise to try. His efforts do not stimulate the enthusiasts in his following, many of whom are annoyed by his moderation, and they expose him to the derision of opponents. The truth, as Mr. Ramsay MacDonald probably knows, is that Socialism, far from trusting in the impulses of the great God-like heart of the public, is a peculiarly ferocious regulation of them, and is founded on a profound distrust of the ability or willingness of the average human being to provide for himself, his dependents, and his servants, or to discharge any of his social obligations except under bureaucratic compulsion of a very elaborate sort.

#### A NINE WEEKS' BLUNDER

After nine weeks the Southampton strike has come to its wretched end. The local shipyard industry has lost very heavily through work undone or done abroad instead of at Southampton, and the strikers have gained nothing. Their eventual surrender, unfortunately, cannot be regarded as a clear triumph for the authority of the Unions, since those bodies were for long unable to get into direct touch with the strikers and took, on the whole, a rather weak line of action. The strike, in short, has collapsed not because the strikers have acquired a more reasonable view of the industrial position, nor because the unions have unitedly and decisively asserted their power, but simply because the shipowners who were to be blackmailed have found it fairly easy to transfer or postpone the work of reconditioning their vessels.

#### THE McKENNA DUTIES AND EMPLOYMENT

If there is anything dear to the heart of the present Government it is, at least in theory, the promotion of employment. At the same time it intends, unless all reports are erroneous, to scrap what little protection the industries of this country enjoy. It is willing that the motor-car industry, which has next to no unemployment, shall be deprived of the protection which produced that happy state of affairs, which has brought six great foreign firms to establish factories here, and has rendered possible a reduction in the cost of cars. It is ready also to check the increase in the proportion of British to foreign films shown in this country since protection was given and to arrest a development which would otherwise give work to at least another 50,000 workers. Incidentally, it is prepared to sacrifice quite a respectable revenue from these duties associated with Mr. McKenna's name. Why?

#### THE PLIGHT OF THE LACE INDUSTRY

There is a peculiar irony in the fate of the British lace industry. In the absence of the protection—an import duty of 33½ per cent.—recommended by the investigating Committee but denied it by the Government, lace-making machinery is severely depreciated in the British market. It is thus made available to foreign manufacturers of lace at prices which give them still greater advantages than they would otherwise have. We not only present them with an unguarded market; we supply them with machinery more cheaply than they could buy it in their own country. And this is the approved method of fostering British trade.

#### A QUESTION FOR AMERICANS

Here is a matter with which both American and English believers in a closer understanding between the two peoples might usefully occupy themselves. Already the serious protests by British and Japanese shippers against proposed preferential railway rates on American ocean-bound goods shipped in American vessels have had the welcome effect of inducing President Coolidge to make a fresh investigation of the subject. It is expected that he will call a conference of all the interests concerned, with a view to a satisfactory settlement. That there can, and will, be such a solution of the question, we do not doubt. But the strange thing is that American sentiment, as a whole, seems to favour the imposition of these preferential rates—which are, of course, inimical to all shippers other than American. And yet America is full of a genuine desire (particularly just now owing to the good reception of the Expert Reports) to do all she can to put Europe on her feet again. These rates will necessarily have the very reverse effect.

#### JAPAN AND THE WEST

Those who know the constant possibilities of explosion that lie almost on the surface of the Pacific must be thoroughly pleased that the threatening situation as between the United States and Japan has



been resolved and that the relations of these two Powers have returned to the normal. The controversy over Japanese immigration has been shelved, Japan, much against the wishes of most of her people, having virtually accepted defeat. For the present there will be no "grave consequences." That menacing phrase has been explained away, as it was bound to be, for Japan's time, in her own coldly calculating opinion, is not yet. Her acceptance of the position is hardly more than momentary, and the present affair is added, we may be sure, to that long account she has piled up and is piling up against the West.

#### WHO IS TO PAY?

What may fairly be considered the agricultural policy of the Government is shown by the Bill for the regulation of the wages of farm labourers, by the setting up of Agricultural Wages Committees, and by the long discussion on Tuesday of the I.L.P. Conference at York, where it was stated that Socialism was the only thing that would stay the destruction of the countryside. The Bill may help the farm labourer, but not unless some large remedy is devised for making the farmer able to pay good wages to his men. Of that remedy there is no real trace in the findings of the York Conference. The attempt there spoken of to "organize the agricultural industry scientifically in the interest of the whole community" may have some success, but the root trouble is that agriculture is the least sheltered of all our industries, and any scheme that does not take this fundamental fact into account is bound to be a failure.

#### THE BRITISH NON-OFFICIAL IN INDIA

A vague and somewhat querulous manifesto, published to no very large number of readers in this country, reminds us that the dispute in India is not wholly between white officials and Indian Home Rulers, but has to it a third party—the British mercantile and professional community temporarily settled in that country and mainly responsible for economic development there. The collective political apathy of that community is no excuse for failure to utilize more of its members—many of them men of great ability—during a period of transition. Belonging neither to the bureaucracy nor to races inexperienced in self-government, many of the British non-officials in India are exceptionally qualified to share in the delicate task of guiding India from the old system to the new. But an absurd method of representation through sectional bodies, which cannot give any political mandate, deprives them of all opportunity or forces them to talk in terms of the narrowest self-interest when they would use the language of statesmanship.

#### CREMATION

We have received the Annual Report of the Cremation Society of England; and although the subject is neither a picturesque nor a popular one, it is highly important. We venture to congratulate this Society on the splendid work that it has accomplished in the half-century of its existence. One may say that the old prejudices have almost all been broken down; what remains is not so much prejudice as habit and custom, and they are stronger than prejudice. We are sorry to see that the City of Manchester, which prides itself on its advanced common-sense and general enlightenment, is about to extend its Southern cemetery by the acquisition of a further ninety acres of land. Considering the slums of Manchester and its surrounding towns, and considering the need for space and dwelling-houses for the living, this appropriation of valuable land for the occupation of the dead is a striking example of the need for that reform which the Cremation Society has worked for and to so large an extent achieved. We commend the Society to the support of our readers. An annual subscription of one guinea for six years constitutes life membership, and is returnable in service at death.

#### EXTRA INSURANCE BENEFITS

The Government Actuary's report on the financial provisions of the Unemployment Bill tells us that the number of persons insured against unemployment under the scheme is 11½ millions, and that the result of including young persons between the ages of 14 and 16 will be to add about 600,000 to this number. A series of complicated calculations brings the Actuary to the estimate that the expenditure in benefits up to the end of the present year will be £21,700,000. We need not enter further into his figures, but are disposed to remark that while the extension of unemployment insurance may be well enough, the true objective of statesmanship is diminishing the risk of unemployment. Not by philanthropy in providing for its out-of-work members but practical wisdom in creating employment must the State be judged.

#### ELEANORA DUSE

There is something tragic in the thought of Duse, herself a fine sublimation of pure tragedy, dying amid strangers in noisy and prosaic Pittsburg, far from the land and the people whose soul spoke in her. But for our part we feel less sorrow for her departure while her genius shone still in its autumnal splendour, than gladness and gratitude that there should have been vouchsafed to us, were it only once, the vision and audience of this exquisite artist. We would not have had her remain to grow old amid a generation that had never seen her as she really was, or to be forced, for the sake of a living, to become a caricature or parody of herself. By her art people were tested and divided into two great companies: those to whom her message was incomprehensible, and those to whom it was intimate, personal and revealing. The first would never remember her; the second will never forget her.

#### CRICKET

The cricket season which opens next week will get a welcome fillip from the visit of the South African Team. They are likely to beat the counties, and will probably give England a close fight. English cricket is improving after a lean period: players know that they are expected to field keenly, and the merits of forcing batsmen are better recognized. Hobbs, who was unlucky last year, will be, we may hope, as audaciously annoying to bowlers as Macartney, while Kilner as an all-rounder is now very useful. Tate is first-class as a bowler, but at least another bowler new to international honours must this year be chosen to represent England against the South Africans. We hope that county matches will not again be allowed to interfere with ample trials to discover the best English side. The advantage of playing a good national team with as few alterations as possible in the five Tests against South Africa would be felt in the subsequent matches against the Australians. It was a lack of co-ordination and team work as much as individual inferiority that lost us the last Australian "rubber."

#### THE PROBLEM OF COFFEE

Recent letters in the SATURDAY show that many of our readers are deeply concerned about the problem of coffee. One asks our advice about the "best" blends. The choice of blends is a matter for the taste of the individual, but it is extremely important that the different classes of berries be roasted separately, as the time and degree of heat required varies markedly. Our own happiest experience has been with equal quantities of Mocha, Martinique and Porto Rico. The coffee being properly roasted and ground, the simpler the method and apparatus for preparation the better. A quite small pinch of salt seems to be very beneficial, and a few drops of cold water shortly before serving helps to settle the grounds. But perfection is hard to attain, and the greatest restaurateur of our time in despair brought the head of the firm of Rumpelmayer to London to ask him why coffee was less good here than in Paris.

## THE MEANING OF WEMBLEY

BENEATH the more obvious though by no means superficial benefits which we believe will result from the British Empire Exhibition, opened by His Majesty the King on Wednesday—the stimulation of trade and the consequent alleviation of unemployment, the education of the people in the responsibilities and potentialities of Empire, the advancement of understanding and co-operation between the component nations of the British Commonwealth—lies a meaning of deeper significance. Wembley is an act of faith, a gesture of confidence to the world. It is the embodiment of the faith and courage of private enterprise. Here, in a world still reeling under the hammer-blows of a war which disorganized and permanently injured its economic system, a world groping towards the means of reconstruction yet still at enmity within itself, is raised a practical ideal of solid value to humanity, the ideal of hard work and individual endeavour, informed with the spirit of freedom and co-operation. The men who have made Wembley what it is are not the men who have erected its vast buildings or contributed their knowledge and craftsmanship to its adornment, great and worthy as their part has been. The men who have made and are making the success of Wembley are the exhibitors who, whether individually or as members of industrial corporations, have staked their wealth on the promise of the future. The exhibits gathered in the great halls of Wembley represent the cumulative results of a hundred years of industrial enterprise and initiative, the product of the wealth and brains and patient labour of British men with belief in themselves and the Empire. Amid the insecurities and impermanences of post-war days, these men have had the confidence and courage to sink their capital in this tremendous undertaking. Theirs is a practical effort to set in motion the slow machinery of reconstruction. Wembley, then, as we say, is an act of faith and a gesture of hope and courage to the world.

But it is more than this. Wembley is a practical monument to the achievements of private enterprise, and a triumphant justification of our industrial system. It is private enterprise that has built and developed the British Empire Exhibition, just as it is private enterprise that has built and developed the British Empire. Both the Empire and that epitome of Empire, the Exhibition, are triumphs of individualism that stand as a permanent vindication of the "capitalist" or individualist system as against the doctrine of socialism. The history of the Empire is one long record of individual endeavour, a record bearing such names as those of Drake and Rhodes and Cook, of the Hudson Bay Company, the East India Company, the British South Africa Company, and many more. These were the pioneers. The modern industrial companies in their work of development and extension are at least in some measure their successors.

Here, then, stands Wembley to-day as the embodiment of that individual enterprise and faith which have made the Empire. It stands, too, for the spirit of freedom and tolerance, which has been the other main feature of our Colonial and Imperial history. Our Commonwealth of Free Nations has been made a reality only by that genius for accommodation to the aspirations of those other peoples with whom our development has brought us in contact, which has regularly informed our imperial policies and has been justified by the most happy results. Side by side with the exhibits of the British Isles at Wembley stand the exhibits of other countries which, three years ago, twenty years ago, were her active and embittered enemies. To-day they make common cause with her. It is the fashion nowadays to belittle the idea of Empire; but the British Commonwealth of Nations possesses potentialities which, if used aright, may be a genuine and formidable power for good in the world, and may set it an example and inspire in it an ideal of

freedom and hard work, and the peace and security that spring from these virtues. The British Empire Exhibition is a testimony of these qualities as well as a practical means of attaining development and fostering affection and co-operation among its own participants. Seventy-five years of experience have modified our aspirations, and, as the King pointed out in his opening Speech, we do not entertain the same sweeping hopes concerning the results of this Exhibition as those that filled the breasts of the eager organizers in 1851. But if the British Empire Exhibition of 1924 is not to usher in an era of universal peace, we believe that at least it can achieve lasting good by inducing closer understanding and co-operation between the nations of the British Commonwealth, as a step towards ultimate understanding and co-operation between the nations of the world.

## PURE ENGLISH

BY GEOFFREY DEARMER

MOST of us have some particular form of snobbery. Some of us collect celebrities in general, but this is an all-time job requiring money, a commodious residence and an accommodating husband. A fickle few will perjure their souls for Cabinet Ministers. Some oblige editors to regret. There may be some who specialize in bishops or essayists or even those modern American poets whose personalities are robust enough to divest themselves of rhyme and reason: without going, to borrow an American idiom, ding-dong to the madhouse. Let the reader who imagines himself free from this sin interview himself at dawn. Let him ask himself if he would not go to the Sign of The World's End to shake hands and drink ginger-ale with the greatest celebrity of our time. "Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine," cried the Prophetic Shakespeare. Charles obeyed. He did not come, he did not see, but, armed with a bowler, a pair of big boots and a far from clouded cane, he conquered.

This refined interest in genius is hardly snobbery. It is romance. To shake hands with Mr. Chaplin is to experience a fairy tale come true. If to prefer good value is snobbery, and Cabinet Ministers are usually good value, it is snobbery sublimated to the plane of romance. But there are real snobs, and the worst of these is that very, very pure man—not necessarily young—who despises the vulgarity of our mother tongue; the pedagogue of letters who winces at such a line as "We are such stuff as dreams are made on" because it ends with a preposition. Such a man is diseased, his death should be slow and painful. The Society for Pure English is out for the blood of such, and in the S.P.E. the two pioneers are the Poet Laureate and Mr. Logan Pearsall Smith. They are the St. Georges of a Latin Dragon. A dragon who is neither Swift as Steele nor Gay as a Lamb, a dragon who lives on Latin plurals and undigested French nouns. We all know that dragon, he talks like this:

One of my *employés* has published his memoranda. From the indices I gather that he has included *gerania*, *croci*, *pæonies*, *narcissi*, *rhododendra* and *gea*. He has a *flair* for such *animalia* as *rhinocerontes* and *hippopotami*, not to mention the primeval hyena. Many of his *specimina* should be in our *musea*, not excepting his Egyptian *sphinges*.

He will recommend sanatoria and gymnasia for our dilettanti. He will write and speak English devoid of vital idiom. He will confuse idioms with vulgarisms and slang, and he will de-assimilate every foreign word the language has borrowed and assimilated. Our dragon does not know that "The idiomatic writer differs chiefly from the slangy in using what was slang and is now idiom; and he probably imagines that the S.P.E. recommends *The Times*, for instance, to begin a leader on Road Transport, "We recently observed the shover of a cherry-bang colliding with a car. . ."



Custom can authorize anything, and custom, like the bears in the European folk-lore from which the idiom was derived, can lick our cubs of speech into shape. To do this, custom has borrowed little from the study and the drawing-room and much from the stable and the kitchen. She was "as happy as a pig in the muck" among the idioms of the stable and kitchen, for it is the unlettered who supply vitality to letters. "You're for the high jump, me lad," says the Orderly-Sergeant, as he condemns some delinquent to trial and execution by metaphorical hanging in the Orderly Room, adding, perhaps, "You can't come it over me. I didn't come down in the last shower of rain." "Saki," without idiom, could never have written, "She was a good cook as cooks go and as cooks go she went." O. Henry expressed his philosophy of life in seven words when he wrote "Marriage buncos the individual for the community," and to-day the American who observes that somebody or something "Does not strike on my box," brings poetry into speech.

Into speech but not into current literature. Some idioms are more ephemeral than the May fly, others appear to be more permanent than the stars. We ring each new discovery on the counter of expression. Some achieve the honour of ink, a few the dignity of print, a very few come to stay—first in our "dailies," then in our "weeklies"—further it would be invidious to inquire. When we have taken them to our hearts we take them for granted as the nineteenth century took for granted the unconscious heroism of the poor. Emerson gave us the "man in the street," Gray "the madding crowd," Hans Andersen "the ugly duckling," the elder Pliny "with a grain of salt" and "in a nutshell," and Euclid, Mr. Pearsall Smith in his S.P.E. tract on English Idioms, reminds us, created an idiom when he warned the king of Egypt, Ptolemy Philadelphus, that there was no "royal road" to geometry. Unused words, like unworn pearls, lack lustre. Soon they slip from the spoken to the written phrase. Oblivion must follow, for the Englishman, although ninety-nine per cent. a brave man, is one per cent. a coward. He has not a permanent white feather in his tail like a badly-bred gamebird, but he attaches one to his coat tails. This vein of cowardice runs through his conventionality, for the Englishman is passionately conventional. When he is asked out to dine, he asks, or fails to ask, one question only: "Is it the short or long coat?" and if he is murdered over the port or even before the soup, he dies happy if properly dressed. His dress is both hackneyed and ridiculous, yet he is proof against ridicule. He decorates it with buttons that are not called upon to function, while he secretes about his person loops and tags that are. Even the appearance on the illegitimate stage of one of our lower comedians displaying that quaint umbilical tag which is tethered to the base of a boiled shirt, does not smite him into reform. He is not so much proof against sartorial satire as insensible to it, and because the convention is universal he does not perceive its weaknesses.

Words, unlike dress, do not lose their lustre by hackneyed use and common handling. They wilt and decay only when forlorn and ostracized, till no one, man, woman, or pedagogue, dare risk the reflection of superiority by using them. The term "highbrow" is the most formidable plea for ignorance and dullness we have yet weathered. What man will risk the charge of superiority by using many of the following terms, mostly archaic, which I have incorporated in the following fantastic rhyme:

Do not shun him, comely lass,  
Be not swift to chide;  
Fash not, take a chirping glass,  
Let the trouble bide.  
Seek him ever blithely dight  
Where he tarries, hapless wight.

Speech is art and art is life licked into shape. Here, then, is the dual danger. Let us face it as a certain

mayor said recently, "With partiality on the one hand and impartiality on the other." On the one hand the old-fashioned grammarian would devitalize our vulgar tongue by robbing it of idiom; on the other hand, too much of the schoolboy gives to speech those "colloquial barbarisms, licentious idioms, and irregular combinations" Dr. Johnson complained of. Such terms are base-born neologisms of the gutter. Let us bury them and let there be no flowers by request and no fal-lals.

## ON SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHDAY

By IVOR BROWN

I HAVE never been to Stratford-on-Avon and, save under compulsion, I shall never go there, not at least while the Shakespearians are holding festivals. If I did go, it would be by way of Tewkesbury and up the Avon through Gloucestershire meadows. And in that case I should never reach Stratford, because I would have found it before I had gone so far. Any piece of England in proud-pied April is Stratford, as far as I am concerned; I do not need to finger a muffin in the Desdemona Tea-rooms to convince me that I am "on the spot." Nor, at Stratford, in April, would I care to go to a theatre which, as my information goes, is one of the less creditable curiosities of English architecture. It were better to lie by the river and let the spring, which goes piping and dancing through the Shakespearean comedies, pipe and dance through mind and memory. No, I shall not jostle with the globe-trotters upon the floor where Ann Hathaway loved—or nagged.

You may find as much Warwickshire as you please in Shakespeare, but I find little that is specifically local, and I can keep the birthday as happily by Dart or Thames or Arun as by Avon. But there is a kind of poetic justice in the fact that destiny lifted Will from Warwickshire.

Our midlands have had so little of praise and worship. Bards grow in clumps on Sussex downs, novelists transfer the march of mind to Cornish cliffs, and now that Hudson is a cult, our middle-western downland and the Vale of Avalon will have the constant service of the Muses. There is one praise of the north (is not Yorkshire the most varied and loveliest of the English counties, fell, plain, wold, and cliff in glorious sequence?) and there is another praise of the south. And there is endless song of the west from Cotswold to Land's End. But Stratford is just in the forlorn, unhonoured midlands which Belloc calls "sodden and unkind," but which are green in May and have names that sing themselves like the flowers. So there is this to be said for the Birthday Festival, that it reminds quite a number of good folk that England has a middle which is not all black, and that our greatest poet came from a shire little honoured in poetry. Michael Drayton, however, who gave the matter some serious attention, found England's heart in Warwickshire.

It is commonly said, particularly when the Festival comes round, that the English are niggardly Shakespearians and laggards in their love. Where are all the Shakespeare statues and Shakespeare streets and Shakespeare theatres with which other nations would have peppered the urban landscape?

Perhaps they are in English hearts; I grant they are not visible. But I do not grant that we would be a better lot if they were visible. It is not in our national temperament to be much good at making a fuss; ceremonial we maintain gravely, but without conviction; our festivals are anything but festive. We are wise not to have a Ministry of Arts wherein well-intentioned civil servants bind the Muses in red tape from ten to five, and there is quite a good defence to be made for not having a Shakespeare National Memorial Theatre in London. The lack of it is said to shame us in foreign eyes; but the presence of it might inaugurate not the

spontaneous joy of the play-goer, but a mean bickering of high-brow cliques, fights for control, wire-pulling, jobbery, malice, and all uncharitableness. English Art can hold its own without officialism, and Shakespeare needs no Committee to keep prodding at our minds. The very stuff of our speech is made of him, and those who are bored by Sir Toby or Sir John will not be saved from damnation though we pile a Pelion on an Ossa of Committees.

As things now stand we seem to be further off than ever from possessing a National Theatre linked up with Shakespeare's name. We did at least get as far as the Bloomsbury site and a collection of architects' plans. The plans remain and the site is sold. Something, however, is being done. The interest on the capital once raised is being devoted to subsidize the New Shakespearean Company, now at Stratford, and money from this source has also, I believe, been granted to the Old Vic. There could be no better way of spending it. For what is wrong with the theatre in this country is the disastrous centralization in London. The provinces, let alone the villages, are starved of the spoken word. The London stage is far richer in merit and variety than it was twelve years ago; between now and thirty years ago there is no comparison. The outer circle of theatres, the Regent, the Lyric (Hammersmith), the Everyman, the Court, and the Old Vic alone provide a constant flow of intelligent entertainment. That a play of delicate mental quality like 'The Conquering Hero' should be successfully produced for a run in Shaftesbury Avenue is a sign of the times whose importance cannot be exaggerated. London can look after itself, and is looking after itself. As far as Shakespeare is concerned, he is being played almost in perpetuity within ten minutes' walk of Waterloo Bridge, and admirably played. In addition to all this there are some half-dozen societies devoted to special performances of new plays and old.

But outside London there is dearth and famine. The best London actors no longer go on tour, and the millions of population gathered round Manchester are scandalously served with decent professional playing. While three-quarters of our population can only go to Shakespeare on the book-shelf, I doubt the wisdom and the justice of adding to London's wealth; the first need of our day is more touring and better touring, more local theatres and better local theatres. Before Londoners are called upon to assess the relative merits of the Old Vic 'Hamlet' and the National Theatre 'Hamlet,' there ought to be some sort of a 'Hamlet' in Oldham and Huddersfield. There ought to be no county town in England whose Corn Exchange does not house Falstaff and Malvolio for one week in the year. There ought to be not one travelling theatre, like the Arts League caravan, but a score.

In other words, it is the first business of a Shakespeare National Memorial to be national. If we had millions to spend, then by all means let us have that great new play-house in London. As we have only hundreds, let us consider those whose need is greater than ours; let our Shakespearean policy be rural rides, not for the conglomerated globe-trotters at Stratford, but for the inarticulate Shakespeares who may now be hidden in our shires.

Send Puck and Bully Bottom storming barns; that's for remembrance.

#### A GLIMPSE OF DUSE

THE younger generation of English playgoers had only one opportunity of seeing Duse in London; that was last summer at the New Oxford Theatre. Great critics have written of Duse in her prime, and Mr. Shaw's article in the SATURDAY REVIEW of June 15, 1895, reprinted in *Dramatic Opinions*, enthroned the actress in her sovereignty beyond any peradventure. Last year I saw a wraith-like figure, as grey as gracious, move with an infinity

of beauty through a simple peasant tragedy. Had my Italian been of the soundest I doubt whether I could have understood her. She mumbled through her part, but even her mumbling had a beauty denied to many a rare mistress of speech. Her acting, stripped clean of decorative artifice, was loveliness itself to behold, yet terrible in its suggestion of baffled humility. The sufferings of a peasant moaning over her sick child became as moving as though the woman herself was a child doomed to incurable pain. A tragic actress who can shatter your emotions as though she were guiding you through a children's ward and yet by the beauty of her presence convince you that life is glorious all the while, has touched the pinnacle of her art. Duse's name will live as the supreme argument for gentleness. Her weapon was to have no weapons; with a gesture she could enchant or terrify; no voice of gold was ever so eloquent as this quietude. But superlatives of praise elude her, for her art was a protest against superlatives in acting. She had no flourish and did not soar to conquer. With a pass of her hands she walked into our hearts. And now the hands are as still as Sarah's voice, and we, who had but a glimpse of the two sovereigns in the fullness of their years, are left with dazzled eyes and ears, seeking the successors. As yet there are no heirs apparent.

I. B.

#### AN ARIZONA GARDEN

And How It Was Made

BY NORMAN CARMICHAEL

I

ARIZONA! Surely a far cry from old England. The name does not conjure up a mental picture of a garden, but deserts rather, and cowboys, and cactus baked by a fiery sun, set in the lurid colouring made familiar to readers of Harold Bell Wright and Zane Grey. Bret Harte, I think it was, who described Arizona as "a place where one can see more rivers and less water, more cows and less milk; can see further and see less than in any other part of the world."

Following the lure of copper for a livelihood, my lot for seventeen years was cast in a small, though important, mining camp located in the extreme south-eastern corner of the State. Clifton was, in the early seventies of last century, a mere hamlet, but wild and woolly as any western mining camp could be, a happy hunting ground for Indian raiders, cattle rustlers, claim jumpers, cut-throats and gamblers. With the advent of railroads, however, conditions began to change. The wily Geronimo and his band of marauding Apaches were soon run to earth; the cattle thief and claim-jumper became undesirable citizens and were requested to move on; the rule of the shooting iron was broken, and under civilizing influences Clifton gradually, if somewhat reluctantly, settled down into the more commonplace, if less picturesque, ways of a respectable, God-fearing community.

Situated at the very portal of the rocky fastness of the mountains which here break suddenly and precipitously upon the plains, the little town of Clifton nestles snugly in a cliff-bound pocket in the gorge cut by the Frisco river, and flanked at its outlet by two majestic columns of rhyolite rock. Our mines were scattered over a wide area some six to ten miles north of the town, but the ores when mined were transported over narrow-gauge railroads down steep gradients to Clifton, where the reduction works, consisting of concentrating mills, leaching plants, and smelters were located, and here also were the railroad shops of the company. With the exception of that occupied by the railroad and works of the company, there was really no level land for home sites for the workmen, for the cliffs rose steeply from the river edge; in fact the entire width between walls was river bed, and where the narrow strip of land along the margin had been used



for building purposes it was held by courtesy of the river only, and while usually an innocent, inoffensive enough stream of a dozen yards or so across and a foot or two deep, it occasionally, perhaps once in years—as if for the purpose of asserting its rights or retaining its title, would rise in wrath and claim its own. On such occasions the river might lift fifteen or sixteen feet in a few hours and, overflowing its banks, run rampant through the town carrying everything movable before it, and not infrequently were lives lost.

Up to the time of which I am now writing, the company manager and other officials lived in houses located in the railway yards, but these had to be removed to make way for needed improvements, and a new site had to be found for them, and it had to be in town. Directly across the river from the old site was a bay where the river at one time had its course, and which was kept washed out by oft-recurring floods; at all other times it was a bare gravel patch or crescent-shaped tract containing about five acres, sloping gently towards the river. Being unsafe for building it was entirely vacant and unused, except that it proved a convenient spot upon which the farmers from down the valley could camp with their wagons when doing their trading in the town, and upon which an itinerant circus would occasionally spread its broad expanse of canvas. Casting my eye upon this piece of waste land, I saw a vision, and a solution to the problem. Our works produced a large quantity of waste material amounting to over a thousand tons every day. This consisted of crushed ore, from which the copper minerals had been washed, or leached, grading in size from that of coarse gravel to fine sand; also of melted slag, flowing red-hot from the furnaces, resembling lava overflowing a crater, which solidifies on cooling into a very heavy black stone, brittle and glassy. This waste material had to be disposed of, and the practice was to load the washed tailings into railroad trains and haul them out to dumps situated some distance away, while the hot slag was handled in special pots on wheels, and dumped when cooled.

My plan was to use all of this material for filling in the bay across the river until it should be raised to a sufficient height to render it secure against floods, using the loose material for back fill, and protecting it along the river front with a wall cast of molten slag which, when cooled, would form a solid homogeneous mass, well fitted to resist the eroding action of the river when in flood. All that was needed to put this plan into effect was the building of a simple wooden trestle bridge across the river, and arranging the tracks for the convenient distribution of the tailings, and after this was done the work of dumping went along as regularly and as cheaply as under the old system. The site for the main company-house was specially prepared by underlaying the whole area with molten slag, making, as it were, a solid rock upon which to build. Copper salts have the reputation of being injurious to plant life, and predictions of failure in any attempt at making a garden with these tailings from the copper works were the order of the day, for all of it contained a certain amount of copper residues that the washing and smelting processes failed to recover from the ore. Nor was I any too sanguine myself, so I determined to begin in a small way and experiment as we went along.

After the work of filling was completed, the tailings thoroughly settled with water, and the surface levelled off, the question of a top dressing of soil was taken up. This was scarce and hard to get. Finally, some river silt left in a depression along the base of the cliffs was found, which sufficed to cover an acre nearly two feet deep, and with this and some manure from the town dairy a start was made. Unfortunately the silt contained a large percentage of alkali, and little humus; the subsoil of tailings contained copper and was as barren as road metal; the slag foundation below was as the porcelain bottom of a pot, except for the

favourable occurrence of shrinkage cracks which provided drainage. Water for irrigation was also a difficulty, that furnished the town for domestic purposes being too expensive for use in the quantities needed, while the river, except when in flood, carried an objectionable quantity of common salt, and when in flood was extremely dirty. This, however, had to suffice, while a climate with ninety per cent. sunshine, an exceedingly low humidity, almost no dew fall, a winter without snow but with occasional frosts of twenty degrees or more, and in summer peak temperatures of 110 deg. F. in the shade, combined to offer a set of conditions highly discouraging to the gardener, but at least promising to be interesting.

(To be concluded.)

### Saturday Stories: XXVI

#### THE ANGEL OF VIMY

By IVER

I MET Dick in Geoffrey's Bar at Amiens two years after the Armistice, and because this was the first time we had met in four long years, we not unnaturally fell to discussing old times spent together in trench and dugout. I had been at school with Dick, had joined up with him; we had taken our commissions together and we had gone to France together, but I had lost sight of him early in 'sixteen, when I had been evacuated to the base sick with trench fever. So that it was with the greatest pleasure that I ran across him again having his favourite cocktail in Geoffrey's Bar.

"You've heard the stories about the Angels of Mons," Dick said as he stretched out a long arm for the dish of salted chips on the table, "but I guarantee you never heard the story of the Angel of Vimy." He leant back, lit a cigarette and went on: "It was in the early days of Vimy Ridge, when we had not long taken over the sector from the French. What had been a comparatively quiet front had livened up into an extremely unpleasant one. I happen to know this, as it was my job to conduct a working party every night at dusk up to work in and around the craters in No Man's Land. Yes, it was crater fighting up there on the Ridge, and you know what that means.

"The Bosch would blow at least one mine each evening, or occasionally just before 'Stand-to' in the morning; and then would come the rush from either side to get to the crater first, and down would come the barrage on the front, support and communication trenches.

"It appeared to be his object to blow a whole line of these craters on top of the Ridge in No Man's Land, but nearer to his lines than to ours, and in order to secure these craters he used to dig saps out from his front line and fill them with his storming troops, so that they had the lead of our fellows pretty often. But not always. What our fellows may have lacked in advantage they certainly made up for in 'go,' and they fought like tigers for the lips of those craters, and as often as not won through. Then the pioneers would come along, and night after night consolidate and strengthen the positions won.

"Among our crowd was one fellow we called Peter; why, goodness knows, unless it was that he had an extraordinary fondness for chocolates; anyway, the Major greeted him as 'Peter' soon after he joined the battalion, and the name stuck to him ever after.

"Peter was on the same job as myself; he would meet his party down on the Arras-Souchez road and bring it up over the hills, past battalion headquarters in the Zouave Valley, through National Trench, and so up on to the Ridge. Peter was for the most part a silent fellow, and kept much to his own company, which does not always go well in a battalion, but the C.O. seemed satisfied enough with his work, and good work after all was the main thing then. Perhaps you may have met Sandy Rigson: he became A.P.M. later

on; well, one day, when the battalion was out at rest behind the lines, Sandy found Peter reading a letter so earnestly that, though Sandy hailed him, he did not so much as notice his presence till Sandy was right next to him. Then Peter went brilliant scarlet, and hurriedly put the letter away in his pocket. Sandy thought he understood, and considerably walked off with some trifling excuse to the canteen. The incident was nothing in itself, but many times after Sandy found him reading what looked suspiciously like the same letter as though his thoughts were miles away with the writer of it.

"Three days later saw the battalion wending its way back into the line again. That night, a filthy, dark, rainy night and as black as pitch, Peter was told to meet a working party of a hundred men down by Villers au Bois, draw picks, shovels and sandbags from the R.E. dump, and go up and strengthen No. 4 Crater, which had been won the night before, and which now showed serious signs of decay from the rain.

"Peter met his party and led the way up to the R.E. dump. They drew their implements, more by guesswork and the light of the gun-flashes than anything else, but as the last man drew his shovel Peter became aware of one of those uncanny stillnesses which used to occur from time to time along the front; that sort of stillness which the novice used to welcome but which the older hands had learned to mistrust, as usually portending worse things to come.

"As the working party wended its way through the Zouave Valley and up National Trench the strange lull still prevailed, while the Verey lights going up seemed only to intensify the darkness. The rain by now had settled down to a steady downpour. You know what slow work it was leading a hundred men through a maze of trenches at night, and it was not till the party was well past the support line and had nearly reached the front line trench that the situation changed. Then in a second came the tornado. A terrific flash ahead in No. Man's Land, a staggering concussion, and the earth rocked and shook as if to its foundations. The enemy had blown another mine.

"The next moment down came the falling earth, and with it the barrage opened. In those passing minutes one loses all sense of time, and almost automatically Peter found himself organizing his party in the front line, telling them to down tools and out with their rifles. As he was doing this Sandy came hurrying along the trench, showed Peter where the Bosch were advancing, and told him to keep up a rapid covering fire for his men, who were going across to attempt the capture of the crater.

"The figures of the Bosch could be seen now in the light of the Verey lights and exploding shells. Our own guns were hard at it, too, and Peter, giving the range and objective, gave the order for rapid fire. His party responded as if by magic, and the rattle of their rifle fire was distinguishable even among the existing din. Shells of all calibre were bursting everywhere, on the parapet, on the paradoss, and in the trench itself. The battle seemed to have reached its zenith when Sandy again came along the trench, this time with his arm roughly bandaged; his hat was gone, and he was covered in mud from head to foot.

"We must get that crater! he shouted in Peter's ear, 'and my men are all but wiped out. Bring your party and come along, I'll show you the way.'

"Peter passed the order to his men, and the next minute the entire party was over the top and away in the wake of the two guiding figures ahead. Once out of the shelter of the trench there was little or no protection from the shells, and as the men staggered and stumbled over the uneven ground many fell, and died where they lay.

"To Peter that journey to the crater seemed endless; once when the barrage seemed fiercer than ever he felt a blow which sent him reeling, and he was aware of a momentary acute pain across his forehead; but he got to his feet and stumbled on. Then at last the

crater loomed up ahead in the darkness, and next moment they were in a storm of bursting hand-grenades, and there, not ten yards in front, were the figures of the Bosch.

"With a cry echoed by his party, Peter dashed forward, but as he reached the crater-lip his legs gave way under him, and he sank to his knees. He tried to struggle to his feet again, but could not do so, and his men swept on past him, driving the Bosch from the crater as they went. As Peter sank into the mud his head was singing like nothing on earth, and he was conscious of an extraordinary longing to reach the crater he had led his men to, which was now but a few yards away. All the same, things seemed to him to be getting extraordinarily dim and distant, and the battle raging around him now seemed very far off. With a momentary start he felt that he was losing consciousness, and his hand stealing slowly to his pocket felt for the letter he had been reading so intently when Sandy had discovered him. As his fingers clutched round it he felt himself sinking into oblivion, but some unseen force compelled him to look up, and—merciful heavens!—there on the lip of the crater, surrounded by a pale light as of dawn, stood she, she who long ago had written him the letter he now held tight in his grimy fingers; and she was smiling and telling him to take courage.

"When the stretcher-bearers got Peter down to the dressing station they found he had been hit in three places; he was a long time wavering between life and death, but he always said afterwards that the thought of her, his Angel of Vimy, had kept him alive. And when the news came through that he had been awarded the Military Cross for leading his men to victory that night, he rejoiced principally because he felt that she would be glad."

\* \* \*

Dick paused in his narrative, and it was obvious that the story he had been telling had stirred him deeply.

"Did he marry the girl?" I ventured to ask at last.

"Yes," he said slowly, "I did. She is my wife."

## Verse

### SIREN ON CAPRI

SHE is a black peony or a black poppy:  
Some scarlet flower I cannot name.  
And a hooded wizard came.  
He changed the flower into black flame.

No, not a flower, but a tree . . . a willow . . .  
Larch . . . a bush of flaming furze . . .  
Every grace of all is hers.  
She shakes her boughs though no wind stirs.

No wind stirs but her own body  
To its own secret music sways.  
Behind her lids her shut eyes gaze  
Down her dark blood's coral ways.

Do not look too long upon her.  
Ask not what she sees and hears.  
Not the pale Cumæan seers  
Knew her spells of joys and fears.

Woe on the disastrous poets,  
Asked her what she hears and sees.  
If you would not end as these,  
Call to God on bended knees.

LOUIS GOLDING





DRAMATIS PERSONÆ. No. 96

WEMBLEY

(SIR JAMES STEVENSON)

By 'QUIZ'

## Letters to the Editor

¶ The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.

¶ Letters which are of reasonable brevity, and are signed with the writer's name, are more likely to be published than long and anonymous communications.

¶ Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach us by the first post on Wednesday.

### CONSERVATIVE POLICY

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Whence comes the prevalent passion for Programmes? One has serious misgivings as to the motives of those who call so loudly for them. A programme of what, for the moment, seem to be desirable legislative objects may soon become a millstone round our necks or a monument of failure. Conservatives ought to guard carefully against the temptation to frame a programme of "Sops." It is so easy to make prominent the benefits that we believe will follow certain enactments, without insisting upon the responsibilities of all who, by the possession of the vote, have a share in the government of the country. Unfortunately, there are many irresponsible electors whose education has been of a superficial and restricted kind; who have made no study of political science, but who are ready to lend their support to schemes of legalized confiscation and spoliation; who are ready to invoke the aid of Parliament in unpatriotic efforts to engineer a class war.

It is comparatively easy to draw up a programme. But a programme is in the nature of a promissory note. And it is not honest of a great political party to promise what it cannot perform. Is Conservatism to be forced into a huckstering competition with other parties in the matter of programmes? If so, it will fall a victim (and deservedly so) to the inevitable consequences of the cupidity of those who are never satisfied. Who would envy the task of Leaders of a Party hampered and trammelled in this way? Anyone who takes the trouble to read recent history, and to lay to heart the words of the last King's Speech for which Conservatives were responsible, cannot fail to understand what Conservative principles are—nor should he have any difficulty in judging how they ought to be applied to the chief problems of the day. Anyway, we must never lose sight of the first principle for which Conservatism stands, namely, Individualism as against Collectivism. There can be no compromise with the exponents of Socialistic theories which in practice would make us all the victims of State supervision, inquisition and control.

But again the British electorate always prefers a clean cut issue to which it can say "Yea" or "Nay." The authors of a programme may be very enthusiastic about it; but the average elector to whom it is addressed will probably use it for pipe-lights. He has not the time or the inclination to bother his head with rival catalogues of political cadgers for his vote. But he will listen to a plain and lucid exposition of a plain question; and his judgment will not be favourable to the theorists and visionaries. For the time being we are suffering from minority rule. A Labour Government is undergoing the tests of experience; and, after three months of office, it has lamentably failed to show any originality in conceiving and bringing forth a policy of its own, even on problems like unemployment, housing, and strikes, as to which it may be supposed to have special knowledge. Otherwise it has continued the policy of its predecessors. These are clear facts, which are not overlooked by the average elector; and as to the significance of which he needs no "programme" to guide him. He is wonderfully alert in finding out what is in the interest of the nation as a whole: and what is dictated by merely self or class interest.

Social and political life is capable of elevation and enlargement; industrial and commercial life is capable of greater vision and efficiency. But the way to achieve these ends is not the way of the Labour Party. The policy of Labour, logically applied, means increased staffs; and a new army of inspectors to watch the staffs. We have had some experience of State control for emergency purposes. Economically the results were disastrous. Bureaucratic management cost us very dear. The way by which we may retrieve our position and elevate and enlarge our national life is by the adoption and application of a Conservative policy, based on individualistic ideals. That is a policy of economy; of trade development; of a more comprehensive scheme of national insurance; of greater opportunities for individual development and individual effort; of justice to the workers in unsheltered occupations; of the establishment of a community of interest between Capital and Labour. Proofs of the sincerity of the exponents of principles like these will lay the unshakable foundations of sympathetic understanding between all sections of the community and make it a matter of conscience and pride in every citizen to use his talents for the common weal. Suspicions, jealousies, antipathies and antagonisms, which at present bar the way to healthy and wholehearted co-operation, will be banished when Conservatism rises to a full realization of the nobility of its mission, and when it has been enabled to prove its disinterestedness and impartiality.

I am, etc.,

J. LESLIE MACCALLUM

Oakleigh, Boswall Road, Leith

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Inasmuch as politics is at once a business, a profession, and a game, as well as a science vital to the welfare of the State, something in the nature of a party policy or programme is, no doubt, desirable and even essential. Nevertheless I venture to think that by far the most fruitful and important field of activity open to the Conservative Party lies in the realm of opposition. Its function in the economy of the State is closely analogous to that of reason in the individual life; it is to restrain and to criticize raw emotion and impulse and to direct them into those channels where they can be best converted into useful action.

All idealists, visionaries, Utopists, and even moderate reformers are painfully aware of the fact that there is something in the universe that blocks their path, thwarts their desires, damps their ardour, and reduces their achievements to a mere shadow of the goal visualized in their hopes and dreams.

At least nine-tenths of that restraining force is inherent in the cosmic laws that regulate alike the motions of the stars and the minutest details of our daily lives; and the remaining tenth may perhaps be fairly attributed to the artificial and selfish opposition of interested parties. But because the latter are concrete and tangible, and the former are abstract and invisible, the one-tenth is always being mistaken for the nine-tenths and the illusion is constantly created that if you can abolish capitalists and landlords, you can defy the laws of the universe with impunity.

From the philosophic standpoint, therefore, what the Conservative Party needs is not so much a policy or a programme as an attitude—an attitude of sympathy, of disinterestedness, and of self-sacrifice, that will enable it to deliver its message to the nation with dignity and authority, and will remove any shadow of doubt that it is adding any obstruction of its own to that inherent in human nature.

It would, for instance, be in a position to say "You demand a higher standard of life and security from the effects of illness, unemployment, and all the other vicissitudes that at present overshadow your lives. A perfectly reasonable aspiration, which I will do my utmost to satisfy, and which it is well within your power to achieve, but not on the lines which you are



at present pursuing. If you think that taxation of the rich is the royal road to your desires, by all means try it out, so long as you do not ruin the country in the process. But you will soon discover that success is not to be won on such easy terms, that you will have to make up your minds to work hard, to abandon reckless breeding, to give your industrial leaders a fair chance, and to exercise your common sense in fiscal matters."

There are, of course, no votes to be won by the advocacy of Tariff Reform, Birth Control, or a gospel of hard work; but when all the quack remedies have been tried and found wanting, reason will come into her own, the price will be cheerfully paid, and there will be a genuine advance in the welfare of the State.

I am, etc.,

St. James's Street, S.W.

L. T.

#### To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—May I express the hope that the proposals outlined, though not specifically formulated, in the letter of Mr. W. O. Field, will find a place in one form or another, in the new policy of the Conservative Party? Nothing seems to me plainer than that we shall be forced, if not by choice then by disaster, to bring our unused credit resources to the aid of industry. The Prime Minister of Australia, Mr. Bruce, has just stated "Our requirements to-day are men, money and markets, and the greatest of these is markets." This also expresses the needs of Canada to say nothing of ourselves, but where to-day, with the rapidly increasing productive capacity of all nations, are we likely to find the markets? The United States of America, having within the last two years launched the most formidable of all campaigns to capture these needed markets, is echoing the same plaint. Suffice it that as a matter of plain fact America did not capture the markets she sought for, and is now busily selling her ships.

Cannot we be wise as a result of America's experience without suffering further bitterness in our own? It has been sufficiently demonstrated that no one is disposed on our present basis to finance the creation of new markets at anything like the rate they are needed. But, if this basis be modified, and safe measures be taken to finance consumption nearer to the margin of our enormous productive potentialities, then it is equally demonstrable that markets abound everywhere, particularly here and now at home. It is part of the irony of the situation that Capital should search the corners of the earth for markets, that is, for people with money to buy, while Labour hunts with equal desperation for money to buy with. Manifestly it is as consumers that they both fail, and as consumers that they need financing. The figures of the war production have disposed for ever of the bogey of production. Given the money to buy, there is no production problem, and if there is no production problem there can be no physical reason for poverty, only a monetary one.

Mr. Field's letter is very timely, and it is to be hoped that the new policy will not overlook the powerful instrument of money-credit. There is an uneasy feeling that our leaders have forgotten that men live by hope, and that all hope rests ultimately with the consumer. Despise and revile him how we will, the consumer is our basis, and if we are going to starve him then surely and inexorably we shall starve with him. Can we have forgotten these things?

I am, etc.,

Palace Chambers, Westminster R. L. PEARSON

#### FAIR TRADE

##### To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—There are two old aphorisms that cover most of the ground fouled by politics and the political treatment of economics: *Quem Deus vult perdere, prius*

*dementat*, and "Every man is presumed to intend the natural results of his actions." With these before us it is grimly amusing to diagnose the paroxysms of the cheap Press over the foreshadowed discontinuance of the so-called McKenna duties. What else did they expect would happen when, in breaking the only man with an intelligible and constructive remedy for our economic ills, they put into power the very people sworn to do that which they are now raving against?

As a fair trader myself (capitals are not required), should have thought that the business of the Opposition lay in trying to keep the Free Traders up to their own mark. Let the Conservatives be honest. The loss of 160 seats on a clear issue is the measure of the Free Trade mandate. The country has asked for it, so, by heaven, let her have it, until, "swoll'n with the rank contagion," she cries "Hold, enough"!

No intimate knowledge of le Bon's 'Crowd Psychology' is required to realize that the debacle was caused by large sections of the electorate voting on the issue in the same way as they would cheer a troopship—in the comfortable knowledge or belief that they, at any rate, were not travelling by it. As le Bon points out, reason and logic are useless against such people, who will only understand that the house is on fire when the eaves are pouring molten lead on their heads. Upon this psychological phenomenon floats the crazy vessel of the Cobden Club, not so much from its own inherent buoyancy as from the greater density of the supporting waters. Cobdenists are essentially hypocritical. The existence of their own selfish sectional interests is only made possible by the practical Fair Trading of the whole. If only Fair Traders to a man would carry out their opponents' principles to their bitter logical conclusion, the unhappy working man would soon dispose of the miasma with a few healthy blasts. Personally, I always buy, now, in the cheapest market, and Corporations and railway companies should do the same. The fathers have eaten the sour grapes, and the children must not expect to avoid toothache. It would be the kindest policy in the end. A sharp extraction or operation is generally preferable to a long-drawn-out agony of blood-letting and the external applications of quacks. By the time we have two millions unemployed, tens of thousands seeking the protection of the United States, and even Manchester realizing that a falling exchange due to adverse trade balances can raise the price of cotton as much as might any tariff bogey upon manufactured articles, the people will repent them of the broken cisterns to which they have turned for the waters of industrial life. *Raro antedecem scelestum.*

I am, etc.,

Naval and Military Club, W.1. "PRIMIPILUS"

#### THE DEGRADATION OF LANGUAGE

##### To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—In your issue of January 12, commenting on Sir Henry Hadow's address, you said "the processes which are ruining the language are assisted by the spirit of the age," "we must use" (in defence of the language) "not scholastic but utilitarian arguments." I venture to suggest (1) that the processes are the outcome of fundamental national characteristics which have always been at work and are very little—if at all—influenced by the spirit of the age: and (2) that utilitarian argument is the chief weapon of the enemy.

It is, I think, evident that the spirit of every age—as regards the treatment of their language by English-speaking people—has been one of slovenly disregard of accuracy, of total inability to distinguish between English and pidgin-English, of willingness to accept and use any word, or combination of words, which may seem to express the idea, however ungrammatical or illogical or meaningless the words may be. It is, of course, natural that in an age when everybody reads, and most people write, and all of us being too lazy to

think for ourselves, imitate one another in thought and speech and writing, the process of deterioration should be more apparent and more rapid than it used to be, but the ultimate cause, the total lack among us of any sense of form in language has, surely, always been at work. We claim for our language—justly enough—great elasticity, richness in synonyms, power of assimilation, freedom from cramping rules, and if the object were to create a universal lingo which can be used, more or less intelligibly, by men of all races and all degrees of ignorance, our boastings would be justified. But if the most important function of a language is to force its users to think clearly, to formulate their ideas before putting them into words, how does our language stand? English is the easiest language in the world for a foreigner to learn, because it does not in the least matter whether what he says is right or wrong: he could hardly talk or write worse English than most of the English people he has to deal with.

Charles Lamb speaks in his letters of "remembrances which I should be sorry should be ever extinct" and of "snakes such as no remedy has been discovered for their bite." He could, no doubt, have put his ideas into decent English if he had thought it worth while: but it didn't matter: anybody can see what he meant, and that is—among English-speaking people—the only consideration. Lamb objected to the word "fadeless," asking "What is a fade?" and used the word "exhaustless" as a fit epithet for topics of conversation. One would like to know what he thought of all the similar absurdities which adorn our language—"ceaseless," "relentless," "resentful," "fathomless," and the rest. A book has lately appeared, the subtitle being, 'A Land of Fadeless Splendour': and we turn up our noses at the American use of "pushful." Forty years ago the SATURDAY REVIEW used to protest against the word "reliable": I don't remember whether any protest was raised against "laughable" or "available," nor whether those who strained at such gnats swallowed such a camel as "unexceptionable." "Available" has of late years begun to be used in the sense of "eligible": and Mr. H. A. Fisher was lately reported as having talked about opportunities being "availed of." One wonders what weight the utilitarian arguments you speak of would have in Mr. Fisher's case. He would probably argue that his phrase is as lucid and precise and expressive as any other: and the question of whether it is good English would never enter his head. Anyone can see what he meant.

The belief that what our language is suffering from is a mere passing disorder which can be cured by argument or teaching is, no doubt, a very attractive one. On the other hand, when one considers the vast number of English words and phrases for which absolutely nothing can be said except that they are convenient and are widely used: when one further considers the sort of English used by educated people—Cabinet Ministers, university professors, men of standing in literature and scholarship—one is surely justified in believing that the disease is neither temporary nor curable. That we, as a nation, are lacking in a sense of form in language, just as some individuals are colour-blind. And to those of us who believe that inability to handle one's mother tongue goes hand in hand with muddleheadedness, the belief is not a cheering one. Because things look as if muddleheaded people were not going to be able to hold their own in the world much longer.

I am, etc.,

Raft River, B.C.

T. G. MARTIN

#### A PLEA FOR GOOD COFFEE

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Congratulations on airing "A plea for good coffee" in this country. It is remarkable that a nation which "invented" the names of "coffee-houses" and

"coffee room" should tolerate the mawkish, muddy, or anæmic apologies for coffee as generally served in this country. More's the pity, too, seeing that it might be another profitable British Empire product. A certain district of the Mysore State of India produces a coffee without rival in the choiceness of its flavour and aroma.

I am glad to see that this coffee is now obtainable under its trade name of "Harmanee Coffee." The price of this absolutely pure choice coffee is only a mere trifle more than the so-called "blends," and it is supplied in the beans or ground—and freshly roasted, a most important feature.

I am, etc.,

Alford, Clapham Park, S.W. HOPTON HADLEY

#### SHELLEY

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—In his interesting notice of my play 'Shelley,' your reviewer asserts that I have not made up my mind about the idiom of my characters and that "sometimes their speech seems effectively dated back, at others they talk about 'kill-joys' and being 'fed-up.'" In reply, I need only refer him to Shelley's published correspondence; the poet was in the habit of calling his father "old kill-joy," and, indeed, anticipated modernity in several of his singularly quaint expressions.

I am, etc.,

JOHN W. KLEIN

32 Norland Square, Holland Park, W.11

#### DOG AND DUCK

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—In your review last week of Mr. Machen's 'Dog and Duck' you say that you are "slightly puzzled" over this apparently picturesque and very difficult game. Will you permit me to endeavour to remove all doubts and say that I am one of the select, if not eminent, disciples of this ancient and engrossing pastime, which is both picturesque and difficult. Further, I trust in time to become a proficient of "The Alley, close to Lord's Cricket Ground."

If ever honoured by a mention in 'Who's Who,' my recreations, in the intervals of play-acting, would be quoted as 'Dog and Duck' and 'Golf.'

I am, etc.,

B. A. PITTAR

56 Portland Road, Holland Park, W.

[Perhaps Mr. Pittar would be good enough in a further letter to give a more detailed account of this pastime, of which we feel sure our readers would like to know more.—Ed. S.R.]

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Your reviewer's remarks about Mr. Machen's references to a game called 'Dog and Duck' remind me that when in Danzig before the war I saw a game played in a D-shaped court. The game was Kegelspiel. In it the ball, which was overweighted at one point and of slightly irregular shape, like a bowls ball, was cast in such a manner as to cause it to encircle the hemisphere of the D, hugging the wall. I believe this game is called D-spiel by some people. "Kegel," of course, means "skittle."

But I have a clear recollection of seeing a game with a D-shaped court at the back of an inn in Hampstead. That was many years ago, and I am quite unable to recall the name of the inn or where it is situated.

I am, etc.,

87 Portsdown Road, N.W.

V. PETTIT

[Lack of space obliges us to hold over many other letters until next week.—Ed. S.R.]



## A COLLECTOR'S NOTEBOOK

THERE can be little doubt that the dispersal of the Swaythling collection of silversmith's work, announced for May 6 and 7, at Christie's, will rank as the outstanding event of the current sale season. The collection is one of exceptionally high standard throughout, and not only is it well known to students from having for many years been exhibited in the Victoria and Albert Museum, but the principal pieces have long ago been fully noticed in the chief works of reference on the subject. Among the English examples, although later periods are very well represented, yet attention is bound to be attracted in the first instance by the exceptionally fine series of Tudor and Stuart silver, which includes such rare examples as the noble Tudor cup, with London hall mark of 1500, from the Willatt collection; the Henry VIII chalice and paten of 1518, formerly in the possession of the Bedingfield family; and that almost *introuvable* collector's piece, a Queen Mary chalice, of 1553. The collection also includes a number of very fine foreign examples, French, German and Dutch: the Scandinavian countries, which yet can claim considerable distinction in silversmith's work, being curiously enough completely unrepresented. It will be interesting to see, in these days of Reparation discussions, whether there will be any determined German bidding for some of the Continental examples: certain it is that during the first few months of the present year the demand from Germany has proved a stand-by of considerable importance, both to the London and the Paris markets.

\* \* \*

Another portion of the Swaythling heirlooms comes up for auction on May 8, together with a number of items from various other sources, furniture as well as porcelain and tapestry. Specially noteworthy among the Swaythling *objets d'art* are a scone, of brass, cast in relief and enamelled, English work of the first-half of the seventeenth century; a Saracenic incense burner, damascened with gold and silver, which belongs to the period of Mohammed, son of Kalaun (1293-1341) and a superb Aquamanile, of bronze, in the form of a horse, French work (*dinanderie* as it is called from the city of Dinant, the centre of the craft) of the thirteenth century. Furthermore there is to be noted a very fine piece of French decorative furniture, a walnut cabinet, *à deux corps*, with rich and bold carvings, and bearing the date 1579, a work thus of the period of Henri III. Altogether, there is much in the quality of the objects in the collection that takes us back to the great auction sales of the nineteenth century which now seem so far away; but then, how many are the present collectors, at any rate in Europe, of examples of this order and rarity?

\* \* \*

The picture sales of the season have so far contained little in the way of first-rate examples: though in the cognate field of engraving, much attention was attracted by the sale which took place at Christie's on April 9. A record price was on that occasion established for the proof before letters of William Ward's mezzotint, 'The Frankland Sisters,' after Hoppner (£2,467 10s.); while an exceptionally carefully printed and uniform set of the 'Cries of London' fetched £1,785, a record for a London sale room, though last year a still higher price (£1,980) was obtained in New York. A modern picture sale of some interest is now announced for May 2 at Christie's: it contains, among the works of deceased masters, 'Lucerne from the Walls,' a very typical 'Swiss' Turner, once the property of John Ruskin; while among living men, Sargent, Brangwyn and Cameron are represented by notable examples.

T. B.

## Reviews

## CRITICISM OF LIFE

Anatole France: *The Man and his Work*. By James Lewis May. The Bodley Head. 15s. net.

PITFALLS await the biographers of living celebrities. There is the tendency to unmeasured eulogy, especially if the hero has exceeded the wonted span of years. It is as if the laurels and incense were to be lavished before the reaction can set in. But Mr. Lewis May adroitly avoids all this. His book is a graceful introduction. He maintains our intercourse with his hero on an easy footing. Objection is barely stirred. There is little of over-statement. Perchance he takes the controversy with Brunetière too lightly, as if M. France had but to smile, and triumph. Their critical methods, though diverse, are not incompatible. M. France may propose to talk about himself *à propos* of other men's masterpieces, but his charming talk presupposes historical erudition and judgment. Or again, because M. France has been naturalized in England by this long and nigh complete series of translations under the more recent editorship of Mr. May, there is no special need to discern English affinities in him. It is the French quality we are likely to seek and discover: the French spirit of many centuries, gathered and summed up in one notable example. Otherwise Mr. May escapes challenge. If, remembering his office, he occasionally taps the drum and insists that his great man has built more durably than in bronze and strikes the stars with exalted head, that is excusable.

A generation ago, in France, the aim of a writer was to be multiple of soul, the consummate dilettante. The later Renan, charming and irresponsible, was in vogue, and had M. France for his brilliant successor. Nay, he could almost outvie the master, since he was not the wistful Celt, but rather the Gaulois with laughter in his mock. But thereupon the French grew weary of the Siren voices. They feared lest they should become decadent, lulled to hedonistic nonchalance. The younger critics were censorious, and so continue. But M. France eludes by his very multiplicity. Not, indeed, that he is as multiple as his admirers think. He has two tendencies. He is either Lucian renewed or a disciple of St. Francis; he oscillates between Voltaire and the 'Golden Legend,' between Rabelais and the 'De Imitatione.' He cherishes illusion, and strips it away. He indulges the Virgilian tenderness or that humour, French and not English, which relegates the heart to a separate department. What binds his tendencies together is his uniformly felicitous style. Mr. May makes his good approaches towards the definition of this simplicity fraught with all treasure; and also would confess that, like beauty, style baffles formulation. That which reconciles the two tendencies of M. France is the man himself: the subtle sceptic—nihilist is too strong a word—who loves and mistrusts; is ironical as regards others and himself; doubts his own doubts, but also shapes of them an easy pillow; is a Mephistopheles capable of sweetest sentiment.

Thus M. France is consistent in inconsistency. Once, indeed, and only once, he nails his colours to the mast. In one matter he purposes to be the man of action and not the dreamer; to play no longer the chameleon but the crusader. It is true that with the slightest use of his own sceptical irony his politics would crumble. "Ah well, in politics," he tells Mr. May, "there is no room for philosophic doubt." Wherefore he is ever ready to make those Allocutions to the People of which Mr. May makes but small mention. His Socialism springs from his love and pity. And he addresses the supposed simple and humble as though they were Greek colonists living in an idyll before the growth of population and civic strife, or as though they were serene

sages grouped in Elysian meads. He is inconsistent, too, in his devotion to form. Take what paragraph and page you please, and he is perfected in mastery. But each book, and the work altogether, is pieced out of fragments. You can dip and cease at will. It is Anatole France talking of himself *à propos* of everything, the critic of life throughout. His heroines are his vision of woman; his heroes but himself in choice disguises. One alias, perchance, furnishes a type equipped to join the scanty band who are more lively than life itself. The Abbé Coignard, in his mingled unction and perversity, outbids the Panurge of Rabelais. And how shall the rest of the work fare as time goes on? Mr. May takes his stand by the tetralogy of gentle reminiscence in which Pierre Nozière plays the child and youth. Others would stake their credit upon the lasting quality of Sylvestre Bonnard, and almost regret its being an early performance and not a swan-song, a 'Tempest' rounding off a career. Not so, says Mr. May: it is but a Barrie-like appeal to sentiment and popularity. But why choose, one may ask, for posterity? Why not accept the whole forty volumes provisionally? The forty with their way of tender and rich simplicity—Toot's tutor and friend, Mr. Feeder, B.A., with "his Virgil stop on"—and of stinging solacing satire that recalls Aristophanes and Swift.

#### MAN AND NATURE

*Last Essays.* By Maurice Hewlett. Heinemann. 8s. 6d. net.

*Thoughts in Prose and Verse.* By Eden Phillpotts. Watts. 5s. net.

THE word has been passed round that Maurice Hewlett was entering upon a new career and making a bid for a possibly higher rank. But are the 'Forest Lovers,' the vivid chronicle of Mary Stuart, and not a few of the medieval tales, to meet neglect because they were successes of the past? Why depreciate the novelist in favour of the critic? Throughout Maurice Hewlett was the latent critic; these last volumes are but the rich overflow. Barely had he to modify his style for the newer purpose. He was still the novelist shaping scenes and setting figures afoot. The space allowed him, indeed, is too small, despite his concision and force. Here can be no full-length portraits of a Pepys or a Cardinal de Retz, a James Howell or a Beaumarchais. The swift shrewd glance, one salient aspect, must suffice. The single book, a 'Moll Flanders' or a 'Princesse de Clèves,' or the handful of Dorothy Osborne's love-letters which well may ground us "in the rudiments of honour and lovely living," can secure more adequate handling.

Appropriately, the book opens and closes in the country. The critical portraits are essayed in the Wiltshire of his long retirement. And the notes upon Ballads and Peasant Poets may serve as link for the two component parts. Peasant songs are written for if not by peasants, and the tests of genuineness are not far to seek. In the country side the elementals, the essentials, of life abide. There is one continuous tradition of obedience to the laws of life. Observant, sympathetic, Maurice Hewlett saw small difference between the neolithic peasant and him of to-day. To Iberian dwellings and Celtic huts the brick box succeeds, but that is all. In Danish Westmorland and Cumberland the economy of life exactly follows that told in the Sagas. Still, throughout peasant England the democratic tradition within the village is only modified by the real aristocracy of character, which no democracy can lack without perishing. "It is not the present-day practice to consider our social troubles from the moral end, and I am sorry for it." The prosperity of which the labourer dreams in these newest days, would it not impair the happiness which may always be his, if he choose aright? "The elementals remain." Visiting London in Ascot week, Maurice Hewlett found that the sons and daughters of love and

laughter were as weary as though they took copy of 'Ecclesiastes.' Back, with relief, to his garden. Back, with the happy smile, to his villagers, lively and tragicomic as you shall and must read in the four-paged Saga of the 'Curtains,' told with all terseness and restraint.

To turn from the 'Last Essays' to Mr. Eden Phillpotts's little volume is to quit an atmosphere of ripe art and goodly tradition to face the bleak East wind. Instead of the country life and Devon folk we might fairly claim, here are the propaganda and polemics of Rationalism. He vaticinates of evolution through consciousness to reason. Not that one should not make his account with these. For ages past the value and limitations of reason have been recognized. Reason is good if we are sure of our principles and premises; but are we ever sure? And why should the monopoly of it be usurped by Rationalists, by sectaries shackled with narrow dogmas, and lacking catholicity of thought and feeling? In vain should we beseech them, as Cromwell besought the sectaries of his time, to think that they might possibly be mistaken. They cannot understand that most of us find no reason to be Rationalists, no need to swear by Spencer and Comte. Here is Mr. Phillpotts endeavouring new persuasion. Religion and pessimism, Rationalism and meliorism, he says, go together. As if all philosophy and religion did not echo the Greek chorus singing of "Sorrow, sorrow—and may good triumph at last!" Here is he abounding in scorn of metaphysics and mythology, and himself implying metaphysics, and describing the strife of reason and immanent will, the beneficence of Satan, the golden age of rationalism to come. Branding "greed and creed," he offers belated formulas and would forestall newer greed by annexing faith, hope and love. Between his optimism and pessimism he cannot reach the grandiose monodies of an Alfred de Vigny or a Leconte de Lisle. Nor will his cold wrath and grim proselytism allow him the light touch of Voltaire or Heine in travesty. At most in the dialogue between an Earthborn and a Jovian, he nears success by forgetting the while to urge his creed. His occasional pages of landscape lose colour and fragrance under the blighting east wind. Even the "lyrical cry" he essays, turns raucous.

#### BEAUTIFUL BOOKS AND BINDINGS

*Islamic Bookbindings.* By F. Sarre. Kegan Paul. £5 5s. net.

*Block Printing and Book Illustration in Japan.* By Louise Norton Brown. Kegan Paul. 84s. net.

*The Modern Woodcut.* By Herbert Furst. The Bodley Head. 42s. net.

THE thoroughness and magnificence of scale with which we are accustomed to associate German scholarship are characteristic of Dr. Sarre's *Islamische Bucheinbände*, an English translation of which has been published by Messrs. Kegan Paul. This admirable monograph, dealing with the art of Islam in its relation to bookbinding, may be regarded as an introduction to a later exhaustive history of Islamic bookbinding; for it consists chiefly of 'exquisite reproductions' of Persian bindings with a few of the Egyptian specimens dating from the tenth century. The most beautiful Persian work belongs to the sixteenth century, but even in the nineteenth century there is little sign of decadence in the exquisite and glowing lacquer and polychrome decoration of the Berlin specimen of a Turkish-Persian binding of the Koran, dated 1831. The scope of the work is of course limited by the fact that it is based only on specimens in the Berlin collections; but as an introduction, or part of a comprehensive whole, it is admirable evidence of Dr. Sarre's equipment for his task. The production of the book leaves nothing to be desired.



More important and elaborate in their individual scope, although perhaps less designed as immensely important parts of a colossal whole, are the books on Woodcuts and Block-Printing by Mrs. Norton Brown and Mr. Herbert Furst. Mrs. Brown's scholarship in Japanese book collecting is well known, and in this magnificent volume she has raised a monument to it as well as provided an exhaustive record of the artists from Hinaya Ryuho to Hokusai, who have in a very few centuries been the glory of Japanese block printing and design. Some hundreds of books are recorded by title, and as well as bibliographical and biographical notes, there are the fullest possible glossaries and lists of illustrators and block makers. The work and knowledge that have gone to the preparation of this sumptuous volume are immense, and collectors will hail it with delight as a boon which, although long waited for, is worthy of the expectation that it had aroused. Mr. Herbert Furst's book is really a history of the woodcut, for the space which it devotes to early and historical work serves more as an introduction to the very interesting work produced by modern artists on linoleum and wood. Xylography and the fantasies possible with the white line will always be fascinating to artists who are also craftsmen, and in this book, so abundantly illustrated, they will find not only a comprehensive guide and history, but a practical treatise also, and the illustrations are well chosen and suggestive. The publishers are to be congratulated on the liberality with which the book has been produced and illustrated, while keeping the price comparatively low, since this is a book for artists and craftsmen rather than merely for collectors.

#### DICKENS'S FAVOURITE COUNTY

*The Kent of Dickens.* By Walter Dexter. Palmer. 6s. net.

MR. DEXTER has made a thorough record of Dickens in his favourite haunts and his many references to them, using, we are glad to see, the little-known letters as well as the novels. For the Dickensian the "master" surpasses everybody pleasantly enough, and we have to tolerate the statement that "no other county of England has such a store of memories with one man of letters," forgetting Thomas Hardy and Dorset. Dickens was no antiquary of the learned sort, had rather, as Ruskin wrote, a jackdaw sentiment for cathedrals and ruins. But Rochester, with its cathedral, its ruined castle, and its store of old-world houses, held his fancy from his first success, 'Pickwick,' to the unfinished 'Edwin Drood.' Here he found in the Bull, still standing in all its quaint detail, that gaiety of English country life which we cherish in his books, because so much of it has disappeared from our more sober and often sombre England of to-day. The ball-room of the Bull looks, indeed, a little small to hold all the people mentioned in 'Pickwick,' but the minstrels' gallery is still there, and the bedroom survives, which, with a triumphant assurance of the tremendous vitality of Dickens's creations, used to be described as "slept in by Mr. Winkle and Queen Victoria." Notice that the great and august lady comes second. Wisely, perhaps, Mr. Dexter does not enter on the tangle of conjecture about the cathedral scenes in 'Edwin Drood.' We add a point that has struck us. Prominent inside the cathedral is a tablet to a baronet who among other feats "had married three sufficiently elegant wives." It is in Latin; otherwise we might suppose that it supplied a hint for the epitaph of Ethelinda, the "reverential wife" of Mr. Sapsea, a spirit "capable of looking up to him."

To a writer or critic of any experience, it is a little odd to see the desperate efforts made to tie Dickens down to all the details of some particular spot, without any additions or omissions, as if he could not introduce a forge if it was not really there, or think of an inn without placing it on a marked map, so many miles

from somewhere else. Such inquiries may please the plodding enthusiast. He has identified Dingley Dell with great ingenuity, but we know that it was a fairy place, where a surgeon, long before the days of telephones, turned up at once to see Mr. Tupman, and where Pickwickians of full figure walked twenty-five miles between one heavy meal and another! In this strange feat Dickens was reproducing his own tireless, nervous striding over his favourite country, looking up at the cottage where he spent his honeymoon, brightening even over beautiful stretches of railway line. The local lines, where he found a dramatic end for Mr. Carker, were destined to break his own nerve and shorten his life. The Staplehurst accident of 1865 left his body undamaged by a miracle, but his mind had a blow which haunted him, and reduced his power.

Mr. Dexter quotes Mr. Pickwick's reflections at Manor Farm on the difference between the cows in the fields and the cows on the chimney pots. The reader may ask, "Why not cows?" Our answer is that "cows" for "cows" is a genuine Kenticism. Another may explain the apparent tautology, when in the 'Old Curiosity Shop' woodbine and honeysuckle climb together on the same cottage lattice. In Kentish dialect the "woodbine" is, or was, not honeysuckle, as it is for most of the world, but another familiar climber. The house of Gad's Hill, which Dickens coveted as a small boy and entered in triumph as a successful man, ought, says Mr. Dexter, to be a national shrine. It is, we read recently, to be a girls' school. This is shocking, of course, but the same fate, if we remember right, has befallen a house which should be as famous as any in the nineteenth century. Where Darwin used to work at Down, we heard the excruciating practice of juvenile music.

#### A THREAT THAT FAILED

*East Persia: A Backwater of the Great War.* By Brig.-General W. E. R. Dickson. Arnold. 15s. net.

LITTLE known before the Great War, East Persia suddenly came into considerable prominence during it as a possible barrier against the Turko-German offensive whose objective was Afghanistan and India. Except perhaps by those who took part in the actual operations, the threat, which was serious enough at the time, has passed from the public memory, and East Persia has relapsed into its former obscurity. Yet how that threat was met, countered, and defeated forms an interesting story which should not be forgotten. Whatever view is taken of the value of the "side shows" in the war, there is generally a good deal that is fine and moving to be said of the manner in which the work in them was done by our soldiers, which should on no account be lost.

General Dickson, in this book, tells us what occurred in East Persia at the critical juncture of the struggle in the Middle East, when everything pointed to a Turco-German sweep across Northern Persia towards the powder barrels in Afghanistan. That movement had to be stopped, and stopped it was, despite all the difficulties caused by the collapse of the Russian armies, whose withdrawal from the scene had permitted the menacing advance of the Turks. First, there was the "Dunsterforce," the tale of which was told so well a year or two ago by General Dunsterforce, its commander, in his book 'The Adventures of Dunsterforce.' Secondly, preparations were made to meet the anticipated hostile wave in East Persia, in case Dunsterforce had not been able to check it farther west. A mission under General Malletson went to Meshed, and between that city and Quetta a line of communications had to be and was maintained. General Dickson, who was Inspector-General of Communications in East Persia, shows in this volume just how that was managed—it required a lot of management, as the force at his command was small and had been hastily organized, and many obstacles had to be



surmounted. What in effect he did was to build and keep in condition a road 700 miles long, through a difficult country. In addition to describing this undertaking, General Dickson gives a graphic account of Persia and its people; he knows both very well, and what he has to say about them is worth reading. The illustrations to this book are excellent.

### A SAPPER'S LIFE

*Life and Adventure in Peace and War.* By Major-General Sir Elliott Wood. Arnold. 16s. net.

SIR ELLIOTT WOOD comes of a long-lived family. In his eightieth year he is still a comparative youth, if we may judge by the buoyant spirits in which he writes. His reminiscences of army life are so fresh and cheery that it is hard to believe that he passed into the "shop" as long ago as 1861. One of his early jobs as an engineer officer was the rebuilding of the Knightsbridge Barracks—that impressive pile—as to which he tells an amusing story about the Royal Arms on the front. The supporters were originally put on the wrong sides, but for three weeks no one discovered the mistake, and the resourceful young engineer had time to get a new pair cut in stone and put in one night, just in time to stultify the newspaper man who had at last tumbled to the blunder. Sir Elliott Wood's most important campaign was the Boer War, in which he held the responsible post of Engineer-in-Chief to Buller and Roberts.

The original shortage of officers gave him many other duties which he describes in a very entertaining fashion. There was the usual inadequate provision of engineer stores at first—"the old story: the politicians and Treasury officials hamper the soldiers desperately at the outset of war, and hardly give them a fair start." It is curious to note that Kitchener, though himself an R.E. officer, "gave just and ample praise for gallant actions, but I never once knew him to do so in the case of works." Sir Elliott Wood agrees with the general criticism of the German military attaché on the conduct of the war, "that we were too fond of turning movements, and too shy of losses." It was just the reverse in France and Flanders more recently. Perhaps the best story in this lively volume is that of the "well-known lady" who abused our authorities for putting all the concentration camps on the south side of the hills, and thus exposing the Boer women and children to the full blaze of the sub-tropical sun. Sir Elliott Wood told this story in an address in England, but as the expected laughter did not come, he had to remind his hearers that South Africa is not in our hemisphere.

### RABBITS

*The Ramblings of a Rabbit.* By Henry Grierson. Chapman and Hall. 12s. 6d. net.

SHOULD a lover of natural history, misled by the title of this book, anticipate perusing a monograph on migration, he will certainly be disappointed; nor indeed will those who are in any way fastidious in the nice usages of the English language be altogether satisfied with such sentences as "Now when you cut out all the hot air and get down to brass tacks, it boils down to this," but the subject does not demand a more sedate vehicle. The 'Ramblings' are genially and quite often amusingly set forth, and those who may be interested chiefly in Rugby football and, more remotely, in cricket, lawn tennis, and other ball games, will find considerable entertainment in these colloquially-written pages of reminiscence.

Mr. Grierson has a good deal to say about the duties and training of referees, he advocates the formation in London of a Rugby Union social club, he deplores the inadequate approaches to the new Twickenham ground, he contends that schoolboys should be taught to bowl as well as to bat, and discusses the merits of distinguished football players of his day.

## The Quarterlies

The *Quarterly* for April opens, as is just and right, with a commemorative paper by Lord Ernle on 'The Poetry of Byron,' in which we are invited to consider how much of his poetry has become commonplace by being absorbed into the commonplaces of European feeling, however new it was when written. He gives "poetic utterance to the inarticulate impressions of ordinary minds." Prof. Morgan's second paper on Lord Morley must be a wholesome tonic for the Radicals who used to follow him blindly. Mr. Archer's paper on the 'Elizabethan Stage and Restoration Drama' is illustrated by two conjectural reconstructions of the well-known De Witt drawing of the Swan Theatre. Dr. A. S. Russell describes very clearly, and with a minimum of technicalities, the modern theories about 'The Atom.' Mr. Bowen-Rowlands makes a brilliant attack on 'The Misuse of the Judiciary,' by mixing them up with politics and finance, and 'The Truth about the Treaty' seems to be authoritative. Lord Cecil of Chelwood in the last article, 'National Unity,' lays down a constructive conservative policy of unity of classes at home expressed in industrial co-partnership and the provision of alternatives to Socialist measures of demoralization.

The *Edinburgh* also contains a tribute to Byron from the pen of Mr. C. E. Lawrence. 'The Personality of Byron' is well brought out, and, while no attempt is made to whitewash his reputation, the mud thrown at him even by his own kin is indignantly repudiated. The first place is given to a paper by the Bishop of Durham on 'England and Rome' which, envisaging the union of Socialism and Anglo-Catholicism, ends on a pessimistic note. Sir Henry Rew writes on 'The Food Resources of the World' hopefully and Sir M. Chalmers describes the amazing complexity of 'The English Statute Book.' Mr. H. A. L. Fisher writes on the principles that have actuated 'British Foreign Policy' for the last century and its comparative failures or successes. Mr. Bruce-Lockhart draws a picture of 'Lenin—The Man and his Achievement': a hard, inhuman fanatic with the clear vision of a statesman, with no foundation as a philosopher and with every pretension to be one. Mr. C. R. Haines is almost too omniscient in an article on 'Ancient Chinese Poetry': the ancient Peruvian and ancient Egyptian as side-dishes to China are almost a surfeit. Mr. Perry resents the stinging criticism of Mr. Crawford in the January number, and Mr. Crawford replies withdrawing none of his criticisms.

*Science Progress* contains, in addition to its invaluable survey of 'Recent Advances in Science,' a paper on 'The Endocrine Glands and their Internal Secretions,' which tells in simple language the story of "the monkey-glands" of the popular press, and another summarizing the effect of 'Tar, Smoke, and Coal-Gas as Factors inimical to Vegetation.' This should be of the greatest interest to everyone living near a tarred road or a town. Prof. Smithells's address to Science Teachers lays emphasis on the almost complete failure of science teaching in schools. If there were such a thing, it would have to be suspended for a term or two as the age for examinations drew near. A full account of the Insulin research is put on record, and an Essay on 'The Penalties of Research' is a commentary on the services to be expected from the State endowment of anything.

The *Scottish Historical Review* opens with an article by Mr. J. M. Bulloch on 'The Truth about Gordon Tartan,' which was, it seems, invented about 1793, being the Black Watch pattern with a yellow stripe in it. The Hon. G. A. Sinclair writes about 'The Scottish Officers of Charles XII' and traces many noble and titled families of Sweden to Scotch ancestors. Mr. W. H. Marwick gives the history of 'The Cotton Industry and the Industrial Revolution in Scotland,' and there are other papers of less general interest as well as some good reviews. A most interesting number.

*Psyche* contains several articles of general interest. Mr. Malinowski deals with the relations of 'Psycho-Analysis and Anthropology.' Several pupils of Freud are engaged in examining savage myths in the light of his theories. The author points out the difference in the conception of the family in patriarchal and matriarchal peoples from his own experience, and infers that the "complexes" must differ. Dr. F. G. Crookshank shows that there is a probability of some basal truth behind the teachings of palmistry, at least in certain cases of "Mongolianism"—a theory which is taken up by Mr. Marajot Sahai in 'Palma Psychology.' There is a good paper on 'The Duties of the Physician to the Delinquent Child,' and another article distinguishes between Freudians and Freudists, accounting for the spread of Freudism in England and America by the absence of the habit of Confession.

The *Sclavonic Review* has a paper on 'Lenin' by Prof. Myakotin which sums him up more justly and accurately than any foreigner can do. 'A Study in Russian Religion' is written by a Professor of Economics who took orders in the Revolution, and is a highly interesting study of the Russian Orthodox Mind. Dr. Seton-Watson explains 'The Religious Problem in Slovakia,' which is at the root of the trouble between the Czechs and the Slovaks. Mr. Laurence Hyde writes on 'A Czech Mystic,' and there are papers on the Ukrainian Universities, Ivan Aksakov, etc. The 'Economic Notes' and reviews are of great value.

## New Fiction

By GERALD GOULD

- A Muster of Ghosts.* Compiled by Bohun Lynch. Palmer. 7s. 6d. net.  
*When the Bough Breaks.* By Naomi Mitchison. Cape. 7s. 6d. net.  
*Georgian Stories, 1924.* Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d. net.  
*Fifteen Tales.* By Ivan Bunin. Translated by Isabel F. Hapgood. Secker. 7s. 6d. net.

THERE are between thirty and forty stories in these four volumes; and it would be easy to label them, one by one, good, bad or indifferent, if only it were possible to start with a single criterion for the lot. But it is not possible. 'Georgian Stories, 1924,' for instance, a bright and interesting collection, contains several essays in a style so flippant and superficial that it puts literary criticism out of court; yet these very tales are neither bad nor indifferent, but good, in their own line—the line of the professedly ephemeral. Bunin, on the other hand, and Mrs. Mitchison, are on the grand scale. What they write has to be judged as serious literature if it is to be judged at all. And ghost stories, obviously, are in a class by themselves.

Mr. Bohun Lynch is a connoisseur of many things—writing, drawing, boxing and how to be happy though forty. One starts upon his 'Muster of Ghosts,' therefore, with high hopes; and if one closes it with a heavy sense of disappointment, that is scarcely his fault. I do not doubt that he has made a good selection from the material available. But the material itself is mildewed and outworn. The chains have clanked so long, the murders and revenges have settled down into so comfortable a routine, that one can no longer pay them the tribute of a shiver. In an entertaining but illegitimate introduction, the editor does his best for his authors. He writes:

When you have read the stories in this volume (preferably late at night and by the light of a candle), don't look behind you on your way upstairs, don't put your hand into the wardrobe without first opening wide the door, and remember how very well anyone (or thing) beneath your bed can grip your ankles just after you have kicked your shoes off.

But the function of ghost-stories is surely to induce the very frame of mind which Mr. Lynch is here trying to manufacture: we ought not to need to be told what we are to feel after reading them. Nor, in fact, after reading this particular collection, have I been able to feel anything except a gentle regret for the days when, we must presume:

Flesh crept and hair stood up and we were never sorry:

Then it was well with us, in days ere we were bored.

Even Edgar Allan Poe, who must rank as an old master in this kind, fails to get his effects. 'The Fall of the House of Usher,' here reprinted, is famous, and deserves to be famous, for the splendour of its writing and the gloomy atmosphere it creates. But it is not a good story: there is no thrill in it. Mrs. Gaskell comes off better than the moderns, with her 'Old Nurse's Story.' That contains a proud old lord and two proud young daughters and a closed wing and mysterious music and, in short, the whole bag of tricks; but they seem appropriate enough to the stilted style in which they are presented. They belong to a dead convention, but at any rate they do belong. Dr. M. R. James, in 'The Tractate Middoth,' dresses up the hidden will in a superficially novel guise but gives it no new potency. Mr. Perceval Landon, in 'Thurnley Abbey,' describes a haunted room—flapping tapestries and all. A ghost of a sort appears, "a figure swathed in a rotten and tattered veiling"; and we are to understand that this figure was so horrible as to make the life and the reason of him who saw it "rock unsteadily on their seats." We are told so; but the author is entirely without the magic to make us believe

it. Miss May Sinclair's 'The Victim,' is clever and original, but not very exciting: still, it and Mr. Barry Pain's 'Not on the Passenger-List,' are easily the most successful things in the book. Mr. Algernon Blackwood and Mrs. Mordaunt are ambitious and elaborate in their methods: they seek to replace the old paraphernalia of creaks and shrieks and bones and groans by a semi-scientific suggestion of ancient surviving powers, pagan, elemental, terrific. Mr. Blackwood even tries (quite unsuccessfully) to work in suggestion, the interplay of mind and matter—"Our thoughts make spirals in their world. We must keep them out of our minds at all costs if possible." This failure illustrates what is wrong throughout his story. Everywhere there is a painstaking attempt to supply the materials of horror. Nowhere is there that genuine horror which comes, for instance in nightmare, when, the horrific appearance being immediate and unquestionable, the last thing we are likely to do is to ask whether matter or mind has provided it and what is the relation between the two.

Mrs. Mitchison wrote recently a beautiful historical novel, 'The Conquered'; its theme was the Gallic-Roman wars; in 'When the Bough Breaks' she returns to Rome, and rages freely over the centuries. Her 'Note on Books and One's Funny Ideas of Ancient History' at the end is as illegitimate in its place as Mr. Lynch's introduction in its. The painter does not paste below his picture a catalogue of the "artist's materials" he has used in painting it; and we do not want to know the details of Mrs. Mitchison's erudition, but only the solid concrete result. She is modest and frank:

Unfortunately, I only just know the Greek alphabet, and my Latin never got beyond the standard of Higher Locals (pass); but like the ass I know my master's crib.

Does it matter? Keats was no Greek scholar, and wrote 'Hyperion.' But do we judge 'Hyperion' by the test of whether its author was a Greek scholar? Mrs. Mitchison has an uncanny power of making you feel that she was *there*; that the external habits, the moral codes, the very moods and thoughts, of her Romans and barbarians are natural, simple, inevitable, true. Believers in reincarnation will be interested in this phenomenon. Lovers of good writing will be interested in the book for reasons more direct: there is much in it that is powerful and touching, and the sack of the city by the Goths at the end is full of pity and terror.

'Georgian Stories, 1924,' contains contributions by Mr. Aumonier, Mr. Beresford, Mr. Coppard, Mr. Ervine, Mr. Aldous Huxley, Mr. St. John Lucas, Mr. Denis Mackail, and as many more. It has therefore a wide variety of styles, and appears to be a thoroughly adequate and representative selection from the best of the current magazine-stuff, with a touch here and there of something more lasting than that. Most of it is conventional, but some of the most conventional stories are the most competently told within their conventions. On the whole, a good compilation of its kind.

Bunin's 'Fifteen Tales' are various in setting but single in note. If generalizations about nations were not almost as rash as generalizations about sexes, one would feel inclined to say that only a Russian could have written them. They are heavy and gloomy with an almost savage realism: nor has that anything to do with the merely local air of Russia: one of the tales is set in Ceylon, one in the Himalayas, one in Algeria, and so on—though perhaps the purely Russian are the most impressive. Always there is the desperate fatalism—the taking-for-granted which is so much more insistent than insistence: and always a kind of deep, mournful mysticism, a realization of beauty in the suffering spirit, raises the narrative from misery to tragedy. This is not an easy volume to read; but it is exceptionally well worth reading. The range of incident is itself remarkable: far more remarkable is the sombre but wistful genius informing the whole.



## Round the Library Table

## A MISCELLANY

I AM pleased to find on my table a new work of Dr. William Bolland, even though it is a small one—his lecture on 'Chief Justice Sir William Bereford' (Cambridge University Press, 2s. 6d. net). More than any other living writer, Dr. Bolland has the power of breathing life into the statements of the text-books. Let me recommend again any one who is interested in the life of our forefathers to get hold of his two little books on 'The Year Books' and 'The General Eyre.' I am not ashamed to say that though I had known all the facts about Eyres since my introduction to constitutional history, I had never realized what a tremendous instrument they were in the hands of a strong central government, or with what reason they were dreaded by innocent and guilty alike. This lecture gives a lively picture of one of the makers of our common law, and his rather high-handed way of interpreting statutes to suit what he conceived to be justice. There is a sad misprint in the final 'Note,' which just prevents the lecture from being as perfect in typography as in matter.

I am not in favour of such enterprises as a series of 'Writers of To-Day': books about them had better be left till to-morrow—or the day after—but when one of them is written by a critic widely known and advertised, Mr. Edward Shanks, and the subject is 'Bernard Shaw' (Nisbet, 2s. net), I feel constrained to read it. Mr. Shanks gives us a quite personal view of Mr. Shaw's career, and the account of the way in which he forced his way into public attention is well done. Perhaps Mr. Shanks does not adequately recognize the extent to which G. B. S. has assisted in moulding the tastes of the present generation. When he began to write on music as 'Corno di Bassetto' in the *Star*, Promenade Concerts relied on cornet solos and British Army quadrilles. He was the first newspaper critic to write about music as if it were of interest to the ordinary man in the street, and the galleries of Wagner Concerts and Operas were filled by his readers. When he became the dramatic critic of the *SATURDAY*, his influence was as great, though exerted on a different public.

What amused me most in the book was to find Mr. Shanks accusing Mr. Shaw of muddleheadedness. Ye Gods and little fishes! Mr. Edward Shanks!! It occurs because Mr. Shaw put William Morris beside Goethe, Schopenhauer, Ibsen, and others, as "among the writers whose peculiar sense of the world I recognize as more or less akin to my own." Mr. Shanks goes on to say that "Morris's works consist of nothing but a long succession of . . . day dreams." It is almost fair to ask if Mr. Shanks has read Morris's works. It is, perhaps, too much to expect so busy a man to know that William Morris expressed, in a way that has never been answered, the criticism of the Manchester ideal of life, the demand for beauty, the revolt against misery and ugliness, which is the backbone of all that is best in English public life, but he might have recognized, as a critic, that it was his business to see what was the background of these dreams, what was implied in them, what taken for granted. Mr. Shaw was certainly not writing of the prose romancer or the poet, but of the artist who revolutionized English taste, and the political teacher who spent himself in recreating a new attitude towards life.

The next book I take up is a biography of Tolstoy by his son Leo, 'The Truth about my Father' (Murray,

6s. net). Let us hope that with the publication of this book the memory of Tolstoy may be allowed to rest, and the world allowed to forget that whatever the attractions his teaching had for the Western world, in his own country it was almost wholly evil in its results. It had no effect upon the peasantry, and it had no effect upon the aristocracy as a body, but it crushed the few remains of independence in the educated classes—the only thing approaching a middle-class Russia ever possessed. Count Leo Tolstoy's book rather confirms a favourable view of his father as a man at the expense of his reputation as a prophet, and we like him the better for it. His relations with his disciple and spiritual director, Tchertkoff, as seen by the son, seem to show him writhing under the yoke he had taken on his own shoulders, but unable for very shame to throw it off. It is a pity that the French transliteration of Russian words is used instead of the standard English one.

I do not remember whether Tolstoy ever read 'The Journal of George Fox,' of which a new and revised text has just been prepared by Mr. Norman Penny (Dent, 5s. net), with some characteristic etchings by Mr. Robert Spence. I am sure he would have liked it extremely, or hated it because Fox did what he only talked about. There was a great likeness between the two men, *exceptis excipiendis*, but Tolstoy had had a good deal of his fun before he was converted, while Fox seemingly had none. The book is a good piece of autobiography; it reveals the character of the man with all his faults of stubbornness, self-sufficiency, and his indomitable courage and perseverance. I like the story of how his misguided cousins took him into an alehouse and began to have drinks round, agreeing that the man who shirked his drink should pay for all, whereupon after some rounds he put his hand into his pocket and, putting down fourpence, fled the company. I sympathize, too, with the poor parish clergymen, used to the spiritual needs of ordinary people, whom Fox consulted on his spiritual difficulties. One of them, who "afterwards became my great persecutor," was skilful enough to use Fox's outpourings as the suggestions for his next Sunday's sermon. Another "bade me take tobacco and sing psalms," but Fox did not like tobacco and could not sing, so that advice was wasted. As he was consulting another in his garden, Fox walked on the flower beds, with the result that he was turned out at once. But the book is a great book, and tells us much about the life of his time in England and America too.

Another, and pleasanter, biography is that of 'Brian Piers Lascelles' (Blackwell, Oxford, 5s. net), written by a number of friends and edited by Sir A. F. Hort. His life was conditioned by his extraordinary height: he was 6 ft. 9½ ins. in his socks, and was known when an undergraduate as "the Magdalen giant" and later as "the Harrow giant." He enjoyed a sheltered existence, his tastes fell in with his work, he was popular with men of science and with writers and was loved by a circle of intimates. He got his growth early, being 6 ft. 2 in. at the age of 13, and therefore never went to school, but he very readily fell into its ways when appointed a master at Harrow. He was a keen and sensitive observer: the last time I saw him he sat beside me at a Savage Club dinner. He remarked on the androgyne personality of one of the guests: it turned out to be a young woman lured by the curiosity of her sex as to what happened at male dinners.

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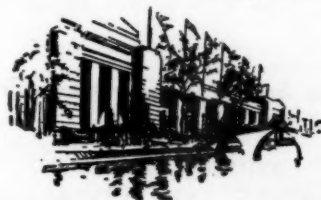
of lighting, cooking and heating from primitive times.

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## Acrostics

### PUBLISHERS' PRIZE

For the Acrostic Competition there is a weekly prize:—A Book (selected by the competitor) reviewed in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the problem was set.

#### RULES.

1. The price of the book chosen must not exceed a guinea; it must be named by the solver when he sends his solution, and be published by a firm whose name is on the following list:

Allen and Unwin	Harrap	Murray
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Foulis	Macmillan	Stanley Paul
Grant Richards	Melrose	The Bodley Head
Gyldendal	Methuen	Ward, Lock
	Mills & Boon	Werner Laurie

2. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.

3. Envelopes must be marked "Competition," and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.

Competitors not complying with these Rules will be disqualified.

Awards of Prizes.—When solutions are of equal merit, the result will be decided by lot.

Under penalty of disqualification, competitors must intimate their choice of book when sending solutions, which must reach us not later than the Friday following publication.

#### DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 112.

TWO FIRST-CLASS TRAVELLERS, BOTH M.P.'s.

WHO PAID THEIR FARES? COME, TELL ME, PLEASE.

1. A very little will our need supply.
2. His Highness' heart—extract it, sir, say I.
3. River and gulf that tiny bird contains.
4. When rogues get bitten, who from this refrains?
5. Expenditure we it more often call.
6. Remove the precious stone: its worth is small.
7. Halve one who's silent when he lacks not food.
8. Work? Bless your soul, he's never in the mood!
9. The pride and glory of our English woods,  
Dear to our Nelsons, Duncans, Hawkes, and Hoods.

#### DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 110.

TWO HEIGHTS, OF ANCIENT AND OF MODERN FAME.  
ONE BEARS A GREEK AND ONE AN AZTEC NAME.

1. For your destruction set, small thieves nocturnal!
2. Too trustful victim of a rogue infernal.
3. Halve it—its deadly power is largely fable.
4. Distinguished though it be, remove the table.
5. So far, no farther—here the great Sun turns.
6. "The noblest and most striking of our ferns."
7. What bands like mine, to devastate the plains?
8. His heart whose hand unsullied ne'er remains;
9. And mine: I'm one who'll 'stick it' with the best.
10. Plant, insect, man,—in every shape a pest.
11. Clip at both ends an isle to Scotsmen known.
12. The hours serene I count, and those alone.

#### Solution of Acrostic No. 110.

M	ouse-tra	P	1 "Exaggerated stories were formerly cur-
O	thell	O	rent concerning the deadly properties of
U		Pas <sup>1</sup>	this plant; . . . the truth is that the
N		Otable	upas is a tree which yields a poisonous
T	ropi	C	secretion and nothing more."
O	smund	A <sup>2</sup>	2 <i>Osmunda regalis</i> , the Royal Fern (some-
L	ocus	T	times called the Flowering Fern).
dY		Er	3 "Horas non numero nisi serenas was an
liM		Pet	ancient dial-motto of great beauty and sig-
P	arasit	E	nificance."
BU		Te	
S	undia	L <sup>3</sup>	

Results are held over until next week.

MERTON.—You seem to have overlooked the fact that our Seventh Quarterly Competition began with No. 102, in which you had three Lights wrong. Glad to know that our acrostics afford you so much entertaining occupation.

TO READERS ABROAD.—Our Third Quarterly Acrostic will be published very soon.

LENNO AND JOHN LENNIE.—I cannot renounce my right to use words metaphorically when I see fit. (Someone has said that "no advance was possible in the intellectual life of man without metaphor.") More than sixty solvers gave Turbot. Prospero raised a Tempest for the behoof of one man, not of mankind.

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## Stock Market Letter

*The Stock Exchange, Thursday*

UNLESS the Government extends the time, with this Saturday there ends the option offered to holders of the 5 per cent. War Loan to make the exchange into the new 4½ per cent. Conversion Loan on the basis of receiving £103 of the latter for every £100 of the former. Keen curiosity awaits the announcement as to how much of the 5 per cent. War Loan has been tendered for conversion into the new issue. Three weeks ago, the Stock Exchange heard a rumour to the effect that the whole 200 millions pounds stock, which the limit of the 5 per cent. War Loan included in the present offer, had been "done," as the House puts it, but following this came another report saying that only about a hundred millions was covered. Nobody has been able to reconcile the two statements, but there are a good many people who would very much like to know how the first one originated, for they feel not a little sore at the idea that rumour had endeavoured to stampede them into effecting conversion of stock on the assumption that this was the right thing to do. Our own view here has been that holders of modest amounts of the 5 per cent. War Loan will be better off in remaining as they are, though, of course, it is impossible to look ahead for five years and to say how money rates are likely to rule then as compared with those of to-day.

### DIVIDENDS TAXED AT SOURCE

If the Government's conversion proposal has met with a lukewarm reception, then the fault will be due to the fact that the interest on the new 4½ per cent. stock is to be paid less tax. The 5 per cent. War Loan enjoys no small part of its abounding popularity to the fact of the interest payments being sent out without deduction of tax at the source. People were asked to surrender this valuable concession, and, at the same time to give up 7s. 6d. per cent. in interest, the *quid pro quo* offered by the Government being a stock that ran until 1940 at least before it could be redeemed, whereas the 5 per cent. War Loan can be repaid in five years' time.

### TRADE REVIVAL?

We live in the days when everyone is hopeful of a strong trade revival. The incidence of the British Empire Exhibition stimulates the anticipation of industrial activity awakening from its long post-war sleep. If it does, and anticipations become realized, it will mean, of course, more money being required for industry, with the natural sequel of capital being withdrawn from low-yielding securities in order to be employed more profitably in trade. This would infer a rise in money rates, and, *ipso facto*, lead to the possibility of the 5 per cent. War Loan being left untouched in 1929, for the stock can run until 1947, at the latest, before there is any obligation on the part of the Government to redeem it. Whatever may be the result of the present conversion offer, it will no doubt be hailed by the Government as a success, but the man in the street may take a different view from that of official quarters if it should turn out to be the case that the conversion proposals have not been accepted up to their full extent.

### HOTEL DEBENTURES

While many investors view hotel ordinary shares as being, from the fluctuating nature of the business,

rather too speculative for their requirements, they hold the debenture stocks in a respect which is well-grounded. In most cases the security is ample. The yields are modest, but offer a fair return on the average, as this table illustrates:

HOTEL.	INTEREST.	PRICE.	INT. DUE.	YIELD.
Burlington	4	66	J. & D.	£6 1 3
Carlton 1st	4	75	M. & S.	5 6 9
Fredericks	4	70	J. & D.	5 14 6
Gordon	3½	62	J. & J.	6 1 0
Hans Crescent	4	75	J. & J.	5 6 9
Holborn Frascati	4	69	J. & J.	5 16 0
Hotel Cecil	4	73	M. & S.	5 9 6
Hotel York	5	90	J. & D.	5 11 3
Palace	4	70	M. & S.	5 14 6
Savoy	4	76	J. & J.	5 5 3
Savoy (Strand)	5	90	F. & A.	5 11 3
Spicers Pond	5	90	J. & D.	5 11 3
Strand Palace	4½	90	M. & S.	5 0 0
Waldorf	6	72	J. & D.	6 10 6

(In bonds of £50)

Stock is not in liberal supply in the market, and this sometimes creates a difficulty in obtaining prompt delivery. The foregoing catalogue shows, however, the scope that is offered to a prospective purchaser who will wait if there does not happen to be on offer at the moment the stock that he may decide to buy.

### STOCK EXCHANGE AND PUBLIC

Stock Exchange minds are exercised by a movement which has arisen within the House for modernizing some of the antiquated machinery that governs the course of dealings in stocks and shares. Every effort of recent years which has been directed to reform has failed to achieve its object, and the Stock Exchange continues to be governed by the conditions of a Deed of Settlement, and by a book of Rules, many of whose provisions go back over a hundred years. It is felt, even by the most indifferent, that the time is at hand when a serious effort should be made to tackle the undoubted difficulties which exist in the way of clearing the Stock Exchange ship from the intricate mass of encumbrances that put ropes around public business, and strangle the spirit of financial enterprise. The sentiment is not yet dead which resolutely refuses to see that the best interests of the Stock Exchange are identical in every respect with those of the public. Men have got up, time after time, at Stock Exchange meetings to declare that the domestic affairs of the House have nothing to do with the public, a condition of mind against which it is almost hopeless to fight.

### EFFICIENCY OF SERVICE

Fortunately, however, there is a growing body of opinion which admits, and readily, that in offering the best service to the public, the Stock Exchange can most adequately serve its own interests, and that in any legislation which is taken in hand, the guiding rule must be a broad-minded desire to afford the public every facility, and at an economical a rate as possible. The Stock Exchange commands the unquestioned confidence and respect of the public. Competition from outside may flourish sporadically and spasmodically, but the experience of the newspapers which tried to cut into the business a decade ago showed that people very soon grew tired of going to outsiders. Clients do appreciate the protection, the freedom of market and the facilities for dealing that are offered in transacting business with Stock Exchange firms.

Having won this position, it is for the Stock Exchange to consolidate its ground, and to take such progressive steps as shall ensure to its clients every advantage that can be offered in the way of transacting such business cheaply as well as efficiently. JANUS.

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